Northern Messenger

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Bemerton Church.

'O Day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood:
The couch of Time; Care's balm and bay:
The week were dark but for thy light,
Thy torch doth show the way.'

How small the chapel is! No picture can give an adequate idea of its narrowness and simplicity! We count the chairs which suffice the little congregation. They number only forty-one! Everything is bare and plain.

WHERE GEORGE HERBERT LED IN PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Yet George Herbert's rule is kept—'that all things there be decent, befitting His name by which God's house is called.'

There is a little stained glass in some of the windows. There are a few brasses on the walls. They say that the chalice which George Herbert used is still extant, and the bell which rings in the few worshippers to-day is the same as rung in George Herbert's days, when the field-laborers used to 'let their plough rest that they might also offer their devotions to God, with their dear pastor.'

When George Herbert was inducted into the cure of Bemerton, he was shut into the church to perform the (then) usual ceremony of tolling the bell. Having remained therein unusually long, his friends looked through the window, and saw him prostrate on the ground before the Lord's Table, at which time and place, as he afterwards owned, he set some rules to himself for the future conduct of his life, and made a vow to keep them.

In order that he might the better preserve those rules and observe his own variations from them, he recorded them in a little book called 'A Priest to the Temple, or, the Country Parson.' This does not seem to be so well known as his verses, the 'Temple,' but it is full of devout and shrewd insight and outsight, and constitutes a valuable manual of conduct not for clergymen only, but for all Christian folk.

Here, then, in this little shadowy church, George Herbert led prayer and praise and exhorted and instructed his lit[illegible] flock, for the brief space of two years, and then, in full view of his end, he summoned his friend Bostock to read prayers for him, saying, 'I will only be a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality.'

His dust is buried on the north side of the Holy Table. He strongly wished that there should be no memorial of him, and there is none. His books, the church itself, and the atmosphere with which his memory pervades the village, are memorial enough.—'Light in the Home.'

A Petition.

(By Henry van Dyke.)

These are the gifts I ask.
Of Thee, Spirit serene;
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveller's load.
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have Thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of a common day.

How Ensor Robbed God.

'Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me.'—Malachi iii., 8, 9.

A minister of the gospel in the state of Maine, found in one of his charges, a man who professed conversion but was extremely penurious. He wanted all the blessings that pertained to the gospel, but had never seemed to realize that the command, 'Freely ye have received, freely give,' was for him. The minister felt a concern to help the man; but whenever he said anything to him about contributing for the spread of the gospel at home or abroad, he was met by the excuse that, with a family to support, he had no money to give away.

One day as the minister was driving along, he saw the man whom we will call Ensor, in his field, and stopped to have a talk with him. He proposed to him that he should stake off a certain portion of that field, and cultivate it the best he could, and give the proceeds to the Lord. Ensor at last acceded to the proposition, and the minister, well pleased, went his way. The man planted the portion set apart with corn, and it grew wonderfully. When the minister saw him, he said he never saw anything like the way that corn grew; and the strangest part of it was, it was the poorest part of the field. The minister was well aware of the latter fact before the man inadvertently made the disclosure.

'Well,' said the minister, 'the Lord has

evidently blessed it, and you know you promised to give him all the proceeds.'

'Well, I don't know about that,' said Ensor. 'I didn't expect to raise more than one bushel of corn on it, and there will be five at least. I think I will give the bushel I expected to raise to the Lord's work, and the rest must go to supply the needs of my family. I have quite a family, you know.'

The minister expostulated, but could get no satisfaction from the 'close-fisted' farmer, and with a kindly warning he left him.

In a few weeks there came an untimely frost, and the minister, falling in with his parishioner, asked him if the frost had damaged his crops at all.

'I should say it did!' he replied, almost angrily. 'Every particle of my corn has gone but that little corner piece I staked off.'

'Oh, the Lord's lot is all right, is it?' said the minister.

'I suppose you'd call it the Lord's lot, but I call it mine, and intend to use it, every ear of it. "Circumstances alter cases," and nobody with any sense would expect me to give any of it away, with such luck as I have had.'

'My brother,' said the good minister, 'there is no such things as luck in this world. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Take heed how you sow.'

The man turned hastily away, and the minister went sorrowfully homeward, saying to himself, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

Months after, being in the neighborhood of his friend Ensor, he stepped into a store to make a needed purchase, and inquiring of the proprietor, who was also the clerk, of the welfare of the people, was met by the remark:

'I suppose you didn't know about Ensor's loss, did you?'

'No, what was it?' was the reply.

'Why, you know that fine horse of his, worth $250 if it was a cent. Well, the other night, the horse tried to jump out of the enclosure—never known to jump before— but this jump was too much for the poor creature, for he ran a stake into his side, and they had to kill him at once. Doctor said he'd die, anyway. What luck that man has had the last year or two!'

The minister only said, 'I'm very sorry for him;' but he thought a great deal more than he said.

One change after another took the minister to a different part of the state; but years after he was again in the vicinity of the scene of our story. As he sat on the piazza reading in the cool of the day, a man shabby enough as to his clothing, with a shambling gait and an old pipe in his mouth, drew near and seated himself on the stone step at the end of the piazza, rather remote from the place where the minister was sitting. He had evidently been on a tramp and wanted to rest. The minister after a minute or so began to pace the piazza. Drawing near, he spoke to the man. Something in his appearance seemed strangely familiar, and as he continued to study the face a conviction flashed upon him that it was his old friend Ensor. To forestall any denial he accosted him at once by his name. The man rather unwillingly responded, but knowing he was recognized, did not try to conceal his identity.

'Where are you living now?' asked the minister.

'I'm not living anywhere in particular.'

'Where is your wife?'

'She's dead.'

'What has become of your farm?'

'My farm? I haven't got any farm. I haven't got anything. Everything is gone.'

'Ensor,' said the minister, 'do you remember when you began to rob God by stealing the corn out of his cornfield?'

The old man's jaw dropped as if he was struck by death, and his pipe was shivered into atoms on the stone step before him. He recovered himself, partially, however, and, turning upon the minister savagely said:

'I'd like to know what that has to do with it?'

'It has all to do with it, my brother,' said the minister.

And he essayed to reach the hardened conscience of the man by words of kindly warning and entreaty, but Ensor, angry at the loss of his pipe, angry at the minister, angry at God, rose up and shuffled off. The minister learned that subsequent to his own departure for a distant part of the state, as before mentioned, Ensor had turned his own son's family out of doors because that son was not able to pay him a debt he owed him.

Let the reader take the lesson home to his heart. We are only his stewards. Let us not rob God.—Elizabeth Larkin, in 'Right Words.'

The Evil of Taking Offense.

To give offense is a great fault, but to take offense is a greater fault. It implies a greater amount of wrongness in ourselves, and it does a great amount of mischief to others. I do not remember to have read of any saint who ever took offense. The habit of taking offense implies a quiet pride which is altogether unconscious how proud it is. The habit of taking offense implies a fund of uncharitableness deep down in us, which grace and interior mortification have not reached. Contemporaneously with the offense we have taken there has been some wounded feeling or other in an excited state within us. When we are in good humor we do not take offense.

It is often allowable to judge our neighbors. Surely we know it to be the rarest thing possible. Yet we can not take offense without, first, forming a judgment; secondly, forming an unfavorable judgment; thirdly, deliberately entertaining it as a motive power; and, fourthly, doing all this, for the most part, in the subject matter of piety, which in nine cases out of ten our obvious ignorance withdraws from our jurisdiction.

A thoughtless or a shallow man is more likely to take offense than any other. He can conceive of nothing but what he sees upon the surface. He has but little self-knowledge, and hardly suspects the variety of complication of his own motives. Much less then, is he likely to divine in a discerning way the hidden temptations, which may lie, and always do lie, behind the actions of others.

Readiness to take offense is a great hindrance to the attainment of perfection. It hinders us in the acquisition of self-knowledge. No one is so blind to his own faults as the man who has the haut of detecting the faults of others. A man who is apt to take offense is never a blithe nor a genial man. He is not made for happiness; and was ever a melancholy man made into a saint? A downcast man is raw material which can only be manufactured into a very ordinary Christian.

If it is not quite the same thing with censoriousness, who shall draw the line between them? Furthermore, it destroys our influence with others. We irritate where we ought to enliven. To be suspected of want of sympathy is to be disabled as an apostle. He who is critical will necessarily be unpersuasive.

In what does perfection consist? In a childlike, shortsighted charity which believes all things; in a grand, supernatural conviction that every one is better than ourselves; in estimating far too low the amount of evil in the world; in looking far too exclusively on what is good; in the ingenuity of kind constructions; in our inattention, hardly intelligible, to the faults of others; in a graceful perversity of incredulousness about scandal or offenses. This is the temper and genius of saints and saintlike men. It is a radiant, energetic faith that man's slowness and coldness will not interfere with the success of God's glory. No shadow of moroseness ever falls over the bright mind of a saint. Now, is not all this the very opposite of the temper and spirit of a man who is apt to take offense? The difference is so plain that it is needless to comment on it. He is happy who on his dying bed can say, 'No one has ever given me offense in my life.' He has either not seen his neighbors' faults, or, when he saw them, the sight had to reach him through so much sunshine of his own that they did not strike him so much as faults to blame, but rather as reasons for a deeper and a tenderer love.—Frederic William Faber.

The readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will confer a great favor on the publishers by always mentioning the NORTHERN MESSENGER when replying to any advertiser who uses its columns—and the advertiser will also appreciate it.

Home.

There lies a little city in the hills;
White are its roofs, dim is each dweling's door,
And peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er
And touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years,
Lo! there it lies, far from the clash and roar,
With quiet distance blurred, as if through tears.

O heart, that prayest so for God to send
Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end,

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into the infinite love will lead thee home.
—Edward Rowland Sill.

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

The Treasurer of the Victoria India Orphan Society desires to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of one dollar from two little girls, Maude and Brownie Henton, who enclosed with their gift no address. As contributions for this work will not be acknowledged through the 'Messenger,' it will be absolutely necessary for contributors to give the treasurer their address, if they wish to have their contributions acknowledged. All gifts must be sent to Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 142 Langside St., Winnipeg.

Canadians Abroad.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world.

On request, a neat gift card will be sent, announcing to the far-away friend the name of the donor.

A Special Christmas Club.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided three or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the Christmas preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your Christmas subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

On request a gift card will be sent as above with each subscription, both the card and the first number being timed to reach their destination about Christmas day.

A Favor Asked.

If a nice canvasser comes to your door get his name and address, say what he is handling, and send it to us, and we will send you free of charge a copy of the new picture paper, the 'Canadian Pictorial,' or ask the canvasser to write us himself. He will hear of something greatly to his advantage. We want boys to sell by the dozen, and agents to canvass for annual subscriptions. The 'Pictorial' Publishing Company, Montreal, Canada.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Immortal Flower.

(Frank Dempster Sherman, in the 'Congregationalist.')

Lord, in whose hands I am but dust
  Make Thou of me a vessel whole,
  Worthy to guard the precious soul
Thou givest me in trust.

Keep me unmarred by strife and sin
  Throughout my little span of years;
  Let Joy's bright sun and Sorrow's tear
Keep pure the flower therein.

Grant if Thou wilt mine eyes to see
  It grow to beauty at Thy feet,—
  To find at last the blossoms sweet
Of immortality.

And when this body that is mine,—
  This mortal shape which Thou hast made,—
  Is dust and with the earth-dust laid,
Lord, take the flower for Thine!

Two to See.

'Why did you not pocket some of those pears?' said one boy to another; 'nobody was there to see you.'

'Yes, there was; I was there to see myself, and I don't mean ever to see myself do such things.'

I looked at the boy who made this noble answer. He was poorly clad, but he had a noble face; and I thought how there were always two to see your sins, yourself and your God; one accuses and the other judges.—Selected.

Courage and Courage.

Glenn Forester and Chester Burnham were friends.

They had been in India for three years. Whenever the pressure of business permitted they took a few days' outing in the forests and jungles nearby, and many were the thrilling tales of adventure which they brought back from these hunting excursions.

Chester was venturesome. 'I know the jungles and the mode of hunting as well as the natives,' he said, 'and I am going to be free.'

One day Glenn followed him as he struck into the dense undergrowth.

Chester looked back, noted his pale face, and smilingly said: 'I won't lead you far today.'

They had not been walking over half an hour when a flock of birds in great commotion in the tree-tops attracted Glenn's attention. He paused to watch them. Chester strode on. But he had not gone many rods when he too, was attracted by a similar disturbance among the feathered denizens above his head.

He stopped beside an immense tree, and gazed inquiringly upward.

Such a piping and chirping and scolding he had never before heard.

'A serpent has scared them,' he mused with a frown.

In interested silence he watched and listened for many minutes. Then a slight rustle just ahead of him drew his eyes from the tree-tops to the ground.

For one second his heart stood still. There, not more than fifty feet away, stood a tiger. He was the finest creature of his kind Chester had ever seen.

The beast had not seen the young man until an involuntary backward step snapped a dead twig beneath his feet. The animal's quick ear caught the sound. The next instant his crouching figure, such as one notes when a cat is creeping upon a bird, showed that he was alert and alive to the fact that tempting prey was before him.

The young man saw that he was lank and gaunt.

'He is half-starved or he would not think of attacking me in daylight,' he thought.

His nerves grew quiet, and his muscles became as tense as bands of steel. Then there was a flash, a report and the tiger rolled up on his side. Chester's bullet had pierced his brain.

He advanced a few steps and sent another shot through the splendid head. He did not care to risk an unfinished job.

'Glenn's face was like ashes as he came up.

'I thought you were a dead man,' he said, with a faint smile, as he looked upon the animal's quiet form. 'Suppose you had missed him?'

Chester laughed. 'You would have come to my rescue. Aren't you sorry I did not give you a chance?'

'I am afraid my hands would have been too shaky to hold my rifle. See how I am trembling,' and again he smiled faintly.

Poor Glenn! What a coward you are. I would not be built upon your plan for a million pounds.'

* * * *

Three months later these young men were dining with their employer. Mr. Rockman was a man of vast wealth and influence. It meant a great deal to stand well with him. Both Chester and Glenn were well aware that their presence at the banquet showed that they had won the great man's respect and confidence.

And each anticipated, away down in his heart, that the promotion for which he had long waited was about to come. An important office was left vacant by a recent death, and each hoped that he might be the fortunate one chosen to fill it.

Glenn was especially hopeful.

Was not Agnes Mason, the sweetest and noblest maiden in England, waiting for such a promotion to become his wife? They had talked of marriage upon his present slender salary, but her parents had objected, and all were waiting with eager hope for the promotion which should enable him to surround her with the comforts her station demanded.

Never had Glenn talked so well as he had to-day. He was conscious that his host's eyes dwelt upon him in pleased recognition of the fact that his ready words and flashes of wit helped make the dinner a success.

The ladies withdrew, and the men were left to their wine and cigars.

Glenn's glass was empty, and not only so, but it was turned down beside the place where his plate had been.

A word from Mr. Rockman sent a servant to the young man's side.

'I never drink wine,' was his reply to the man's attempt to fill his glass.'

Glenn was firm in his refusal, although a shadow came into his eyes as he noticed his host's displeased brow.

Chester gaily tossed off two sparkling glasses, and selected a cigar from the box passed him. He was soon puffing away with the others, and inwardly calling Glenn an idiot for parading his temperance principles amid their present surroundings.

As the guests were about to pass from the room, Mr. Rockman came up to Glenn and said:

'Would you mind telling me why you touch neither wine nor cigars?'

'Not at all,' was the young man's reply, although a slight flush mantled his face. 'When I was about eighteen, I was quite wild. Afterwards I gave my heart to Christ, and I then pledged myself never again to touch anything that could intoxicate, never to play another game of cards, or smoke a cigar. That vow is more sacred to me than my life.'

Chester had drawn near, and was listening to his friend's words. Their host turned to him, and smilingly said:

'I suppose you have never sown any wild oats, nor had occasion to take the vows which bind Mr. Forester.'

Chester hesitated, and then lightly answered:

'Oh, I sowed a pretty good crop when Forester did, and I turned around at the same time. But I don't think it harms a man to take a glass of wine upon certain occasions and a cigar now and then helps digestion.'

'Did you take the same pledge that your friend did?' Mr. Rockman questioned, and his keen eye rested searchingly upon Chester's handsome face.

'I did,' was the young man's low answer. 'To-day is the first time I have ever broken it. I felt that respect to you demanded I should break its narrow limits this once.'

Nothing more was said, and the guests withdrew.

Three days later Glenn Forester received the promotion for which he longed. With it came these words:

'I, myself, am not a Christian; but I respect a man who is, and I like to have men about me who are not afraid to stick to their principles, and who dare run up their flags when shot and shell are flying.'

Moral courage is not always thus swiftly rewarded, but it always pays in the end.

God never forgets those who are loyal to Him under the stress of a great temptation. Sometimes His recognition seems slow, but sooner or later his approving smile will come. —'Christian Observer.'

At the Receiving Desk.

(John T. Faris, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.')

A dozen patrons of the public library were laughing and talking as they stood at the receiving desk, waiting to return their books. Schoolgirls talked gayly of their sport, boys discussed plans for their summer holiday, mothers spoke of their children and their homes. Everybody seemed happy.

'Yes, everybody else is happy, and I am miserable,' thought Selden Vance, as he stood apart, unwilling to approach his acquaintances. 'Their lives are full of pleasure, and mine is full of misfortune. I wonder if Tom Harris or Freda Dover would laugh so much if they had lost everything and had to give up college? Would Mrs. Turner be chattering like that if she had my outlook on life? Would any of them ever smile again if they had to stand in my shoes? No opportunities, no future, no hope! I might as well be dead.'

So his thoughts ran on as, one by one, the patrons passed to the issuing desk. He did not observe that he was alone until Mrs. Redman called to him from her seat behind the railing.

'Yes, I have a book to return, Mrs. Redman,' he greeted her. 'But please do not ask me to read any more books like this. I know you gave it to me because you thought it would help me. But it did not do me one particle of good. These men who write do not seem to know what life is. I don't believe that the author of this book'—he laid it contemptuously on the table—'ever knew what it was to be really disappointed, or discouraged, or hopeless. I could tell him a thing or two. I thought I was going to like it at first when I read about the young fellow whose back was injured when the three fell on him. Those pages which told of the months when he thought of his ruined life were about right. I know just how he felt. But I lost patience when he began to study wood-carving. And when he began to enjoy his work so that he laughed as he used to do before his accident, I wanted to put the book down. It was only a novel. Don't tell me that when a man is in his fix he can be of any use in the world! No, thank you! I guess I won't take any book this week. Books are so unsatisfactory. My life is real enough to occupy my mind without reading any such trash as that author wrote. When he can point me to a man in a fix like mine who has actually done something to make life worth living, I'll listen to him.'

Mrs. Redman listened sympathetically. Suddenly there came into her mind a bit of biography she had read in the morning paper. That might help him.

'I know of a man who really lived, Selden, who was able to succeed in spite of grave misfortune,' she began. 'He lives only a hundred miles from here, too. As a boy he declared he would be a railway man, and that he would not be content to remain in a minor position. He became a locomotive fireman. His work brought him to the attention of his superiors, and they were about to make him

an engineer. But one day, while performing his duties on the engine which drew the fast mail, he strained his muscles, and as a result was paralyzed from the waist down.

'He went to his father's home, and was tenderly cared for. A wheel chair was secured for him, and he was told to make himself easy for life. But he was not satisfied to be idle. He thought for many days, trying to devise a way in which he could be of use in the world. Then he called for paper and ink, and wrote to several fire insurance companies, asking for appointment as agent among the farmers of his township. Securing a horse and buggy, he began to go out for business. But I must read you the rest from the paper.

'"His insurance business has grown until now he is the agent for six of the big companies, and is reputed to be one of the best insurance men in his State. He figures that he has driven fifteen miles a day on an average during the past nine years, his longest one-day drive covering sixty miles. He usually goes alone, but sometimes takes a boy along when there are gates to open or measurements of houses to be taken. Many a night he has driven over the lonely country roads by himself. Only a few weeks ago the kingbolt in a small waggon in which he was driving broke. He crawled out on the front axle and went home on two wheels.

After starting in the insurance business, he added a machine shop to his office. At first he ran the machinery with a little engine of his own construction. As his business grew he put in an eight-horse-power engine, and an assistant. He does repairing of all kinds, from a watch to a sewing machine. The benches are built low, so that he may work at them while sitting in his chair. Among other machines attached to his line shaft is one for grinding feed for his ponies.

'"Some time ago he said to a friend: 'Of course I am laboring under difficulties, and I find it hard sometimes to fight off the blues. But I always try to laugh instead of cry, and by so doing manage to keep up my spirits."'

'You said you didn't want to take another book to-day, Selden,' the librarian continued. 'But while I have been talking I have thought of a volume which came in with the last lot from the publishers. I want you to read it. The title is Life at Sing Sing, by Number 1,500. It tells of a man who made something of himself in the face of obstacles which you or I would have thought insurmountable. No, it isn't a novel this time!' She smiled as she noticed Selden's impatient look. 'It is the true story of a convict in Sing Sing prison.'

'Of a convict?' Selden asked, astonished that a lesson could be drawn from such a life.

'Yes—of a convict! I'll tell you a little about him. He was hard, and was discouraged, when he entered the prison. Unfortunately, he had time to indulge his morbid feelings, for the agitation of labor leaders had been instrumental in silencing the machinery in several of the prison factories. There was not work enough to keep the men busy. Among the equipment which stood idle was a complete printing outfit, sufficient for the employment of thirty men. Day after day hundreds passed by the printing-offices. Not one of them thought of the golden opportunity—until our convict had an inspiration. He was not a practical printer. But he thought it was a great pity to permit such a waste of good material. At night, in his cell, he thought of a plan. If they could only have a prison paper! It seemed a wild dream. But the more he thought of it the more feasible his scheme appeared. After careful deliberation he asked to see the governor of the prison, and laid his plan before him. The result was the first issue of "The Star of Hope," the first prison paper ever published. The convict who grasped the opportunity hundreds of others had passed heedlessly by, became an editor. He had his editorial office in the corridor. His condition as a prisoner was as light as it was possible to make it. Life took on new meaning for him. He forgot that he was in a prison, at least for a part of the day. He proved the truth of the old lines:

"'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

'But he not only helped himself—he made life brighter for others. Contributions from the prisoners were welcomed. Talent was developed. Many men, discouraged before, gained new faith in themselves. Prisoners, influenced by the little paper, have gone out to live useful lives. Several prison reforms were instituted, because of discussions begun in the columns of the convict's paper—among others the law of 1901 which introduced the system of the parole or provisional release.

'"The Star of Hope" became a permanent institution of the prison. During the editorship of its founder it was one of the most frequently-quoted papers in the country. And now, trained in his own office, even if that office was in a prison, he has given to the world a book which deserves careful reading. If you care to take it home, Selden, I will send for it.'

'If you please, Mrs. Redman,' Selden answered. 'I think I'd like to know more about that man.'

A few minutes later Mrs. Redman smiled, as she saw him pass from the library with the book in his hand. There was a hopeful look on his face which had been so gloomy.

'I believe Selden will find his opportunity,' the librarian thought, as she turned to respond to other visitors.' 'I am glad I was not interrupted while we were having our little talk.'

Forget-me-nots.

(Eva J. Beede, in the 'Morning Star.')

It was a rare June morning that looked in at Nettie Hilton's window; a morning of bird songs, flowers and sunshine. It was Saturday morning, too, and Nettie was planning to go on her wheel to the farm, three miles away, to spend the day with her aunt Helen. 'What lovely wild flowers I shall find in the woods behind the old house,' she thought.

Nettie Hilton was a blue-eyed, golden-haired girl, and her pretty little nest of a room was all blue and gold too. Her latest treasure was a little forget-me-not book from Miss Davis, her Sunday school teacher. It had come on her fifteenth birthday, just the week before, and she was learning one of the forget-me-nots every morning. Now she turned to the twenty-third day, and read: 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way in which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eyes,' and she went down stairs humming the words.

When the family were at breakfast, there came a sudden outbreak from the kitchen, and Norah rushed in exclaiming, 'Oh, me little brither Jim, as sells the newspapers, got runned over an' a mast kilt, an' me mither's sent Patsy Dolan f'r me, an' him a runnin' ivery shtep o' the way, an' could yer be ahfter lettin' me go, Missis?'

'Certainly, Norah, hurry right home, and I hope the accident is not so serious as you fear,' said Mrs. Hilton.

A quarter of an hour later, Nettie, in a big gingham apron, appeared in the kitchen.

'Why,' said her mother, 'I thought you were going out to your aunt Helen's.'

'Of course I'm not,' was the reply.

'Did you think I'd go away and leave you with all the Saturday work to do?'

'Oh, I could get along some way, I suppose.'

'Well, I don't intend to let you try; then, besides, Aunt Helen is not expecting me, and after school closes, I can go almost any day.'

So Nettie washed the dishes, swept the kitchen, fried the doughnuts, and made herself very useful. Meanwhile, Ted, who was three years younger, took a spin on his wheel, and returned with news from the injured Jim.

'Tell you what 'tis, Net,' said he, 'Jim's a plucky chap, he was hurt awful bad, got his leg broke, but when they set it, he never opened his head, though Norah said he was "white's shate." I'm going to take him down some picture papers.'

'I'll send him a bunch of forget-me-nots,' said Nettie. 'And I will send a tumbler of jelly,' added Mrs Hilton.

So Ted packed his treasure in a box, and fastened it to his wheel, started for another 'spin.'

When the after-dinner work was done, Nettie put on her pretty blue muslin, and taking a bunch of forget-me-nots, started out, promising herself an afternoon visit with her beloved Sunday school teacher, Miss Davis. As she went past aunt Esther Bean's window, the old lady nodded, looking so happy and expectant that Nettie said to herself, 'I don't know when I've been in to see aunt Esther, I believe I must stop just for a few minutes.

Aunt Esther, as everybody called her, had lost the use of her limbs, so sat all day at the window, watching the passersby.

'You dear child!' she exclaimed, as Nettie entered. 'Put your hat on the table an' fetch the little rockin' cheer right up close ter me, an' ef you hain't brought me a bunch of posies. I'll hev Hannah put 'em in water 'fore they wilt,' and she rang her little bell for the maid who got down the best china vase for Nettie's bouquet.

'I've ben a' looking fer ye all day,' continued aunt Esther. 'It's my birthday, seventy-six years old to-day, jest you think on't 'n' I knowed the good Lord 'u'd send somebody in ter celebrate it with me 'n' I kinder felt it in my bones 't 'u'd be you. There's my calendar 't yer ma gi'n me last Christmas, 'n' the verse fur to-day's "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." That's been a comfortin' on me all way. I'm dretful glad you've come. Hannah's baked me a birthday cake 'n' she's got rolls a risin' 'n' we've got stra'b'ries that grew 'n our own garden.'

Nettie thought of her own verse for the day, as she told aunt Esther the news, sang and read to her, and then drank tea with her from the tiny pink cups, almost as old as the hostess herself. 'Bless yer heart, child!' said the old lady, when Nettie bade her good night, 'ef yer hain't jest like yer mother right over agin. I knowed her when she wan't no older'n you be.'

To be thought like her mother seemed to Nettie the highest compliment possible.

In her little blue room that night she repeated her verse, 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go,' and she thought, 'what a happy day it has been, though the way was different from my plans all the time.'

Outside, 'in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels,' and one little star was watching through the parted curtains as Nettie fell asleep, thinking of her forget-me-not verse, 'I will guide thee with mine eye.'

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Her Grandmother's Jewels.

(Helena H. Thomas, in the 'American Messenger.')

'I am so glad that you have left to me the choosing of my birthday gift, mamma, for I want, above all things, a string of gold beads.'

'Do you, daughter, really?'

'Yes, really and truly! For nearly all our set have some that have been handed down to them, and I break the "Thou shalt not covet" commandment every time I see a string of those dear, old-fashioned beads.'

The mother, just here, was thoughtfully silent a moment, and then left the room, saying in an undertone:

'The right time has surely come.'

She was gone so long, however, that Mabel was on the point of going in search of her, when she reappeared, holding aloft a string of beads, at sight of which the delighted girl cried out:

'Oh, they are beauties! Where did you get them? And are they for me?'

'I will answer the last question first,' said the fond mother as she clasped the beads around the plump neck of the girl who would

be 'sweet sixteen' on the morrow, at the same time suppressing a sigh as she thought of the wrinkled neck they had encircled when last she had seen them worn.

'Yes, they are yours henceforth, my precious daughter. I have had it on my mind for some time to give them into your keeping, and now that you choose what I have in my possession, I may as well give them to you to-night, for I want a little talk to accompany the gift, and to-morrow, with your birthday party, and all, to occupy our thoughts, there will be little time for what I have on my heart to say.'

'Talk on, mother dear,' said the girl, who turned her back on the mirror reflecting the gift which in the long ago had adorned the person of another. 'Your talks are always well worth listening to.'

'Thank you, dear,' rejoined the mother, looking lovingly on the daughter, who took a seat close beside her, 'but I have not yet answered your query as to where I got the beads. They belonged to my grandmother.'

'Oh, mother, it makes me doubly proud of my new possession to know that!' exclaimed Mabel, as she unclasped the beads and fondled them. 'I supposed you had guessed what I most wanted and so had bought an imitation of the old-timey ones. But now I can say like my chum, "They are an heirloom—they belonged to my grandmother!"'

'You can put it even stronger than that, my dear, for these belonged to your great-grandmother, and she was the last person to wear them. I said that they belonged to my grandmother.'

'Why, I must have been too excited to notice the personal pronoun, mamma. That makes them all the more valuable. But why have you never worn them?'

'I never felt like it somehow. I recall too well the day my mother brought them home. She had attended grandmother's funeral, in another State, and as we looked over, together, the precious remembrances she had brought home, mother held up these beads, and after looking them over, through tear-dimmed eyes, she said:

'"You can wear them if you want to, daughter, but the jewels of my choice—over thirty years ago—have robbed me of all taste for outward adorning."

'I did not have the heart to wear them then, so I told mother to put them with her keepsakes, and with them the beads have remained all these years, though mother left us so long ago that I fear you do not remember her distinctly.'

'Oh, indeed I do, mother!' said Mabel, warmly. 'I remember what a picture she made, too, with her pretty white caps and dainty laces. I thought grandmother was just beautiful!'

'Is that your only memory, dear?'

'Oh, no; I recall how she used to take me on her lap and tell me stories by the hour.'

'What sort of stories, Mabel,'

'Bible stories, of course! But she told them in such a way that I shall remember them as long as I live. Stories about Samuel and Joseph, and others. But she always ended with a "little talk about Jesus," as she called it.'

'Yes, the Saviour was always uppermost in mother's mind, and she did all in her power to so live Christ that all might be drawn to Him.'

'I know that, mother, and I am so glad that I have such sweet memories of my grandmother. But do you mind telling me what she meant by her choice of jewels? All the jewelry I ever saw her wear was a tiny band of gold, worn almost to a thread—her "wedding ring," she told me it was. Maybe, though, you are treasuring your mother's jewels as she did these gold beads that were her mother's.'

'I am afraid, my dear, that your mind was so taken up with the mention of "jewels," and conjecturing about them, that you did not heed what I quoted my mother as saying about "outward adorning."'

'I didn't quite catch it all,' was the hesitating rejoinder of the blushing girl. 'Excuse me, mamma.'

The latter then arose, saying: 'I will make it clear to you in a moment.'

Saying this she went to the chamber always called 'grandma's room,' and when after a delay of many moments she returned, she carried in her arms a large Bible, in two volumes, that bore evidence of having been in constant use for many, many years.

Then, in a tremulous voice, she said: 'These were your grandmother's jewels.'

'Why, mother!' exclaimed Mabel, as the volumes were handed to her, 'I haven't seen these since I was a child. I used always to look at the pictures in them, when I went to grandma's room. But—but,' she added, in a puzzled way, 'what have these worn-out volumes to do with jewels?'

'Everything, daughter, as I hope you will know from experience some day. But the why of my mother's not having beads of her very own will be sufficient answer. She had two sisters older than herself, both of whom were presented with gold beads on their eighteenth birthday, as in those days daughters of well-to-do parents rarely lacked this one adornment.

'Mother told me many times how fond she was of dress and worldly pleasure, and how she looked forward to the time when she would come into possession of beads like those worn by her sisters. She told me, too, how the winter before her eighteenth birthday she consecrated her young life to Christ, and how she no larger cared for "gold and costly array," as formerly.

'Bibles were not as common then as now, and far more expensive, but mother could not rest until she had one, with commentary, so that she could read and study it in the seclusion of her room. But her mother was not at that time a Christian, and thought her youngest daughter's wish a foolish one.

'But mother was bent on having her Bible, so, finding out that the Cottage Bibles, largely in use then, would cost the same as the promised birthday gift, she went to her mother and said:

'"Will you give me the money instead of gold beads for my birthday present?"

'Grandmother would not consent until mother told her that she would not wear the beads if she had them. And then, as she often said, "The money was handed over, and I had my precious jewels." "I have waited until now, my child, to accompany the giving of your great-grandmother's beads with your grandmother's jewels. For they, too, are yours."'

'Mine, mother!'

'Yes, for before mother went to be forever with the Lord she often talked of you, and hoped that you would early learn to "delight in the law of the Lord." One day, in talking along that line, she said:

'"When you think the proper time has come, I wish you would put into the hands of the dear child my 'jewels,' and tell her how I came by them. You will see what I have written on the flyleaf of the first volume."'

Then Mabel, too full for words, turned to the leaf indicated and there found her own name, written by the long-vanished hand, and underneath the words:

'The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

'More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.'

The mother and daughter mingled their tears in silence until the latter closed the Book reverently. Then, seeing the half-forgotten beads, she clasped them about her neck, saying:

'I shall treasure these, mamma, but I shall prize my grandmother's "jewels" far more!'

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Forgotten Memories Revived.

'What do you think, mother dear? A strange man is building a house and having a lot of breaking done on the quarter section I've been hoping no one would touch before I'm old enough to homestead it myself,' cried Will Strong, a bright-faced, sturdy lad of fourteen, bursting into the room where his mother sat sewing. 'I was mad when I saw what was going on, and walked right up to the man, ready to tell him what I thought of him, jumping my claim that way, but he spoke so pleasantly that I couldn't say a word. It's too bad, though, isn't it?'

Mrs. Strong smoothed back the sunny curls from her boy's brow as he sat on the floor beside her low chair.

'Never mind, dearie,' she said, 'Something just as good may be had when you are old enough to take up land. That is quite a while yet, though you are growing so fast that pretty soon I'll have to quit calling you my baby. Has the man a family? It will be pleasant, having such near neighbors, if they are nice.'

'No. Just himself and a young fellow who's no relation, I guess; they don't look alike. The house isn't going to be very large. They are building it themselves, and Peder and Carl Jensen are doing the breaking. Well, I s'pose it's all right. Anyway, I can't help it. Don't sew any more, motherkin. You'll spoil your eyes. I'll put the kettle on for tea,' and he went, whistling cheerily, into the kitchen adjoining the cosy sitting room, whose white curtained windows looked out upon a pretty Minnesota lake, in which was reflected a brilliant sunset.

Marian Strong laid down her work and gazed across the dimpling water. Her soft brown eyes were very sad, as she thought of just such another lovely October afternoon, ten years before, when, in their pretty New Jersey home, her husband had kissed her and her boy good-bye and started on one of his trips through the South for a New York firm. A letter, posted at Knoxville, Tenn., was the last heard of from him, and all efforts to trace him were fruitless; but his wife would not give up, even after the firm had reluctantly abandoned the search, until her means were quite exhausted. Then a cousin living in St. Paul persuaded her to go out there, where she secured a position as teacher in the public schools.

One Summer, several years later, she and her boy spent her vacation with her cousin's family, camping on the shore of the lake where we find her. She fell in love with the spot and looked forward with dread to the time when she must return to town. Her cousin's husband suggested that, as no one seemed to be claiming the land, she should take it as a homestead.

'I would only too gladly, if I had money enough to build ever so small a house, and to live on for awhile. I could surely get a school near here,' and, luckily, the way was opened next day, when she learned that a distant relative had left her $2,000. Taking immediate steps to secure the land, she and Will were settled in their new home before winter, and she had no difficulty in securing the district school—not a very large one—which she had taught for the last three years.

Will, much interested in affairs on the other quarter section, ran over quite often in the next week or two. He had taken a great fancy to the new neighbor, Mr. Boyce, and had forgiven him for 'jumping' the claim. Though rather a silent man, Mr. Boyce seemed to enjoy the lad's coming and flow of talk, and looked wistfully after him when he left.

Of medium height and spare frame, Mr. Boyce was probably forty, though at first sight one would have thought him much older, his light brown hair was so thickly strewn with gray. His blue eyes had a dreamy, far-away look and a smile lit up his face. His companion, Harney Jones, a big, good natured, yellow-haired fellow of twenty-five or thereabout, was devoted to him, taking upon himself all the roughest and heaviest work.

The two had taken adjoining tracts as homesteads, building their two-roomed house on the dividing line so that, without being separated, each lived on his own land.

One Saturday afternoon, Will was watching them putting up a rough board stable, giving a helping hand whenever he could, when Mr. Boyce fell from the top of the structure, striking on his head. Harney dropped the timber that he and Will were lifting—the boy escaping injury by leaping nimbly aside—and ran to his friend, who soon revived, sat up and looked about him with a bewildered air.

'It's all right, Wythe, ol' man,' cried Harney. 'Thank the Lord, you ain't much hurt, I reckon. I thought you was done killed, sure.'

His friend rose to his feet, leaned against the corner of the stable and with his hand to his brow, glanced from Harney to Will, with no sign of recognition.

'Where am I?' he asked.

'Here at home, dear Mr. Boyce,' said Will, laying his hand on the man's arm.

'Why do you call me that? What has become of my own clothes and my grip? What place is this, and where did you find me? I was walking from Kirksville to Otter creek—I couldn't hire a team—and the last thing I remember was a step behind me.'

'Blest if he ain't come to his senses and clean forgot about the ten years that's gone since dad an' I found him, just about whar he says! Harney, greatly excited, whispered to the boy. 'What'll we tell him?'

'What State was that in?' inquired Will breathlessly.

'Tennessee. I s'posed you knowed whar we came from.'

'If your name is not Mr. Boyce,' Will appealed to the older man, please tell me what it is and where you belong.'

'It is Henry Strong, and my home is in Orange, N.J. I am travelling for the Stamper Company of New York.'

Without a word the boy turned and ran home at the top of his speed, burst in upon his mother, threw his arms about her and gasped:

'Come, mother! I've found father! Here's your cape—don't stop for a hat—come and see him,' and almost carrying her, he hurried his mother along the path over which he had just flown, telling her, as they went, what had occurred. They found Harney alone and explained the situation to him.

'Well, ma'am, I reckon it is your husband,' he said. He don't know me an' it cuts me to the heart; he's always seemed to think such a lot of me an 'to depend on me. I didn't know jest what to say to him, so I coaxed him to lay down, an' I come out to look for Will, hopin' he'd know what to do. Will you step in an' see him ma'am?'

Mrs. Strong, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks, opened the door.

'Marian, my wife!' they heard, in joyful tones, and a low murmur for what seemed to Will an age, then his mother, wiping away happy tears, called him in. After a little he came out and looked for Harney, whom he found sitting dejectedly on a pile of lumber.

'It is my father, Harney. He and mother want you to come and tell us where you found him and all about it. He don't remember the least thing.'

Harney told them how, ten years before he and his father had found an insensible man in a lonely spot not far from their home in the Tennessee mountains, his only clothing a dirty and ragged coat and a pair of trousers. There was nothing whatever to tell who he was or from whence he came. When he came to—seemingly not much hurt—he had completely forgotten his past life. When asked his name he stammered out what they took to be Wythe Boyce, and this they called him. He remained with the Jones family, and Harney, then a well grown lad of fifteen felt that some way the strangely found man belonged to him more than the others. Gradually many things came back to Wythe. He could read and write, though little to read fell in his way. Rough outdoor work he had to learn, and he and Harney always worked together. For more than a year past he had been very restless and the two, having saved a little money, Harney proposed that they should go North and get some land of their own, 'and here we are,' he concluded, wiping his moist brow on his sleeve. 'I reckon you uns don't want me any longer,' starting to go out.

'Indeed we do, dear Mr. Jones,' declared Mrs. Strong, clasping one of the blushing giant's hands in both of hers, while her husband pressed the other. 'But for you my husband might never have been restored to us and we cannot spare such a friend. Henry has not seen our home yet, and will have to get acquainted with his family all over again. Won't you come to supper and help him to do so?'

'Thank you, ma'am,' with delicate thoughtfulness; 'I won't go this evening, if you'll excuse me, but will be mighty glad to come some other time,' and with a brave smile he watched the man who had so long been his close companion, going away with wife and son clinging to him. At the turn of the road they looked back and waved their hands and he responded. When they were quite out of sight he sighed heavily and turned away.—'Opportunity.'

The Plum Cake.

'Oh! I've got a plum cake, and a fine feast I'll make,
So nice to have all to myself!
I can eat every day while the rest are at play,
And then put it by on the shelf.'

Thus said little John, and how soon it was gone!
For with zeal to his cake he applied,
While fingers and thumbs, for the sweetmeats and plums,
Were hunting and digging beside.

But, woeful to tell, a misfortune befell,
That shortly his folly revealed,
After eating his fill, he was taken so ill,
That the cause could not now be concealed.

As he grew worse and worse, the doctor and nurse,
To cure his disorder were sent;
And rightly you'll think, he had physic to drink,
Which made him sincerely repent.

And while on the bed he rolled his hot head,
Impatient with sickness and pain,
He could not but take his reproof from his cake,
'Do not be such a glutton again.'

—Ann Taylor.

Plenty of Time.

Yes, there may be plenty of time, if you are young and a long life may lie before you, but how uncertain; but that is no reason why you should waste it. Every moment you spend unsaved, is lost as regards spiritual things; and what could be sadder than a lost life, except at the end, you yourself lost for eternity?

But think again; how do you know there is plenty of time? Is it because you are strong and healthy now? You think so. Is it that in your family, relatives have lived to good old ages, and you imagine you may too? But healthy persons often meet with fatal accidents; and the age of your relatives cannot determine yours. You don't know what tomorrow will bring; then how foolish for you to remain exposed to eternal woe for another day.

Or do you suppose that as mercy reached the dying thief on the cross, it may extend to you in your dying moments? Well, remember we have the record of the dying thief's conversion that the worst may not despair; but only one such record that none may presume.

'There's plenty of time' is the language of indifference, and indifference to your soul's salvation may lose you heaven with all its joys and bring about your eternal woe.

Plenty of time to live, thought the rich farmer of Luke xii., and many years of ease and enjoyment before him. 'Thou fool,' God called him, and added, 'this night thy soul shall be required of thee.' That is God's estimate of the one who lives only for the present, regardless of eternity—'thou fool.' Oh, unsaved reader, what if this night your soul was required—what then? Eternity! Yes, and where will you be?

You have the present only at your service, beyond it no certainty of time. You may have years to spend on earth; you may not have. On the decision of this very moment may hang the eternal interests of your soul. Oh, how much you risk, and you remain unconcerned. Think of it, and turn to Christ at once.—'Good Tidings.'

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The Spirit of Success.

A woman will have several irons in the fire at once, but she gets her ironing done by the concentration of her energy into the manipulation of one iron. Edison and Marconi are men of one idea, and each is absorbed in the pursuit of it. Bell had no time for aught else than his telephone; Cecil Rhodes divorced himself from every interest save the building of an empire in South Africa; Peary is consumed with his purpose of reaching the North Pole; Diaz set himself for the task of transforming Mexico into a great, modern nation; Jefferson, in his day, was on fire with the passion for national liberty, and preferred death to failure, and Roosevelt is as hot and fixed in his single purpose to-day of freeing government from graft and patriotism from patronage.

The principle is essential also to business success. There must be a life single in its purpose, whatever that purpose may be. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,' said the old Hebrew father.

That is the spirit, and the only spirit, in which difficult problems are solved and successful issues wrested from unwilling conditions.—'Cent per Cent.'

Afraid of a Leaf.

(Adelaide D. Wellman, in the 'Presbyterian.')

You probably think that any person that is afraid of a leaf is very timid, like a baby that is afraid of a bit of thistle down or a feather. But the leaves that I mean are much larger than thistle down, and any person might well be frightened at the prospect of having such a leaf fall on his head.

The leaves of cocoanut palms are about twenty-five feet long, and so heavy that I can hardly move one that has fallen in my path. Where these trees grow people are careful not to go under one of them in time of strong wind, for then leaves and nuts are liable to be brown off. The nuts are even more dangerous than the leaves.

Cocoanut leaves are much prized, notwithstanding that they are sometimes feared. They are used for divers purposes. A dry one serves well as a torch. The walls and roofs of huts are made of the green leaves. Baskets are woven of the leaflets. The small ribs suffice instead of wire for many uses, or, tied in a bundle, form a serviceable whisk broom.

Like many other kinds of leaves, those of the cocoanut are substituted for dishes by some barbarous tribes. To a limited extent, clothing also is made of them.

The young, tender leaves found coiled up in the top of a cocoanut tree are equal to lettuce for salad-making. From leaves a little further developed, a silky skin can be peeled of which fancy tassels are made. The leaves of some other kinds of palms are even more useful than are those of the cocoanut, being more pliable. Of pandanus palm leaves, the South Sea Islanders plait blankets, sails for their

canoes, hats, fans, and numerous other articles.

Aside from the leaves, the cocoanut palm furnishes many conveniences and comforts to the inhabitants of regions where it grows. In fact, the tree entire provides nearly all the means of existence possessed by the people of some localities. The trunk supplies timber for houses and canoes. The half-matured nuts afford a delicious beverage, and a cheesy, palatable meat. The pithy mass inside a sprouting nut is a delicacy. From the grated meat of ripe nuts a rich milk can be pressed; and oil is obtained from the same source. This oil is used in cooking, and in the manufacture of soap; also of oleomargarine. Some of the scantily-clad people of the tropics smear their bodies with the oil, as a protection against mosquitoes. Indeed, its uses are legion.

The nut shells are utilized as bowls, dippers, etc., or, with the husks, are burned as fuel. A section of a husk is a very effective scrub brush. The web that binds a leaf to the trunk meets the demand for strainers and for clothing. Various other useful offices are filled by different parts of the tree. Yet, its falling nuts and leaves are a cause of terror.

A New Beginning.

'I haven't time, mother,' replied Louise, lifting her eyes from the volume she was reading, pencil in hand.

'What are you doing now, dear?'

'Reading up for my essay. My title this week is "Beginnings of Literary Women," Isn't that splendid? Mr. Ray told Miss Green that he thought I was one of them myself. He said my story in the 'Independent' showed large promise.'

'Want you to make biscuit for supper, and help with the mending.'

'But, mother, I really haven't time. I have no taste for housekeping; literary women do not have, as a rule. You know Harriet Martineau's brother told her to put up her sewing, and write; other women could sew.'

The next evening Louise settled herself in the 'study-corner' of the sitting-room, with her books and papers about her. Charlie had toothache and was nursing his face over the register; Clara was puzzling herself mending a rent in her dress; her mother was washing the supper-dishes in the kitchen.

'Louise,' said her father, from the lounge, where he had stretched himself with a headache, 'put away your "Beginnings" and come here awhile. I want to tell you about a few literary women.'

'Oh, thank you!' exclaimed Louise, delightedly. 'I stayed two hours at the library after school and couldn't find what I wanted.'

'I fear I shall not tell you just what you want,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as she nestled down on the rug before the lounge. 'I have been "reading up" literary women to find out if they ever did like to make biscuits and mend stockings.'

'I don't believe they ever did, papa; the tastes conflict, you see. It isn't only lack of time,' began the literary school-girl, decidedly.

'Well, we will see. You admire Miss Alcott; she did literary work sufficiently well to satisfy any aspiring school-girl; she was so fond of sewing at twelve that she set up for a doll's dressmaker, and put up a beautiful dressed doll for a model in her window. In pinching times at home she was brave enough to go out to service for two months.'

Louise exclaimed: 'Out to service!'

'Harriet Martineau, who was the woman-statesman, in her political economy series and her hundreds of letters in the London 'Times,' states that as she grew up she made all her clothing excepting "stays and shoes"; she plaited straw bonnets and knitted stockings; she said she was saved from being a literary lady who could not sew, and when in the height of her fame she was admired for not being helpless in regard to housework, she exclaimed that she could make puddings and iron and mend, and, if need be, support herself by her needle, as it was once necessary for several months; and sometimes she felt herself a good housewife spoiled.'

'George Eliot was a good housekeeper, and what could not Harriet Beecher Stowe do in a kitchen? In her "memoirs" is a comical account of a magazine story written at her dictation while she was teaching an inefficient servant to do the week's baking. Maria Edgeworth's ever-busy fingers accomplished many a piece of fine needlework; she liked not to be idle while conversation was going on.'

'As I am this minute,' laughed Louise, picking at the fringe with nervous fingers. Her mother must have told her father that she refused to make the beds before school this morning, and had left her last week's mending for her to do. 'Oh, dear!' she sighed, with a heated face.

'I will read you something Mary Howitt writes.' He took the book from under the lounge-pillow and sat upright: '"No more counting of threads and three hundred and sixty-eight stitches to the inch for me." And here's an extract from a letter: "It is very long since I wrote to thee. It is quite astonishing, and yet when I consider the vast amount of needlework I have had to do, it is not so very astonishing, after all. Helping to do the upholstery-work has quite filled up my time. When I began to look at our several wardrobes, the mending and making had accumulated to such a degree that I was like a hard-working seamstress from morning till night."'

Dropping the book, her father fell back on the lounge-pillow. 'You love Lucy Larcom's poems. She often did her own washing and ironing while she was teaching at fourteen dollars a month. Mary Lamb wrote to a friend about some cooking she was doing, and she wrote an article on needlework. You would not care for any higher appreciation than to be spoken of by Tennyson as next to Shakespeare—and Jane Austen, the woman rated so high, could do such excellent needlework that she almost put a sewing-machine to shame.'

'Don't papa,' laughed Louise, with eyes brimful of tears, 'don't make me feel like that sewing-machine.'

She sprang up and went, not to her 'study corner,' but to the kitchen-table.

'Mamma, I've learned about the real "Beginnings." I don't want to be a sham literary woman. But,' with a sigh, 'I don't love housekeeping.'

'You will, if you keep on,' said her mother, comfortingly. 'A womanly woman is better than any other kind of a woman.'—'Parish Visitor.'

Treasures in Little Things.

How much we hear, read, and see in these days concerning the piling up of treasures. The daily papers become almost vulgar in their exploiting of the doings and the possessions of our millionaires, as if the greatest thing in the world were the getting together of so many thousands or millions of money by fair means or foul. Well, there is a word of scripture that should be in the minds of Christian men and women in these days when false standards are attracting so much attention. It is one of the golden passages of the sermon on the mount: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' There are treasures of infinitely greater value than money, or jewels, or lands, and the possession of them is joyous, and the memory of them a benediction. They were in the mind of the one who said:

'Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the shining skies.'

—Selected.

Why People Called Her 'So Nice.'

Always shielding others at her own expense.

Making a sacrifice cheerfully whenever one is made.

Apologizing without reservation when an apology is needed.

Conforming her tastes, when visiting, to those of her hostess.

Always repressing criticism when there is anything to praise.

Inquiring after the friends and families of those whom she meets.

Expressing an interest in that which she sees is interesting to others.

Avoiding jokes of a personal nature likely to wound another's feelings.

Showing 'small courtesies' to humble people without an air of patronage.

Looking at people and speaking pleasantly, although she may feel disturbed.

Taking no notice of accidents which happen to others, unless she can give aid.

Never refusing a gift when it evidently comes from the heart and is bestowed with pleasure.

Making no unnecessary allusion to any subject which is known to be disagreeable to another.

Dressing suitably, with consideration for the feelings and the wardrobes of those about her.

Writing letters to those who have benefitted her in any way, or to whom she may give help or cheer.

Showing herself happy when she is enjoying herself, remembering it is a pleasure to others to make her happy.—'Great Thoughts.'

What some Businesslike Boys are doing

**"All that other boys can do—
Why with promptness should not you?"**

Boys all over the Dominion are sending in for the 'Canadian Pictorial' to sell for watches, fountain pens and jackknives, and many of them are already proudly showing these premiums to their schoolmates.

'People buy them as quick as I can hand them out.'—Alexander Sutherland, W....., N. S.

'I received the fountain pen and I am well pleased with it.'—Theodore Smith, D....., Que.

'Sold twelve in an hour and a half.'—James Finlay, P....., Ont.

'Send me twelve more as soon as you can. They take very well.'—Robert C. Kingsborough, D....., Ont.

'Everybody thinks the papers are all right.'—Levi White, T....., Ont.

'Please send the other twelve copies. The others sold great.'—Fred Gibson, A....., Ont.

'Received fountain pen safely. Many thanks for same. It is a beauty.—Clyde Mallock, A....., Ont.

'I received the watch you set me all right. I think it is a perfect beauty. I don't see how you can afford to give them.' Wm. B. Moulton, L....., Ont.

We have enough watches, or pens, or knives to send one to every boy who reads the 'Witness,' and we have not heard from all yet.

Sit down now and write for a package of 'Pictorials' to start out with—Then go to work with a will and getyour customers interested before yo get the papers and your sale is securedin advance.

**JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial'
'Witness' Block, Montreal.**

Elsie's Angora Cat.

Oh, mother, what is this?' asked little Elsie, as she opened a small basket, and found in it what at first seemed to be a ball of fine silky hair.

But before her mother could answer the question the ball unro'led itself; two little paws with pink toes and tiny claws stretched themselves forward, and a pair of sleepy eyes opened, ready, even at this short notice, for any frolic.

ELSIE'S KITTY.

'Oh, it's a kitten! a lovely little kitten!' Elsie cried in delight. 'See what sharp claws it has, Mother! and what funny little teeth, and what soft, silky hair!'

The mother smiled, for Elsie, like most children, was fond of pets and she had been very unlucky with those which had previously been given to her.

'That is an Angora kitten, and if you take care of it and feed it with plenty of milk it will one day grow into a large, beautiful cat,' was the answer.

'You dear little thing! you beautiful little Kitty!' exclaimed Elsie, kissing it and stroking its long soft hair. I shall be so fond of you, and I will take so much care of you,' she continued; 'but I hope you won't spring at me and try to scratch and bite me like Tiger, our big tabby cat, that Mother was obliged to send away because he grew so vicious; and I hope you won't try to kill Mary's canary like our tortoiseshell cat, Trixey. Do you think she will, mother?'

'I hope not, my dear, we must teach her not to touch the canary, and if you don't tease her I think it very improbable that she will become vicious, because Angora cats are the most gentle of all the varieties of cats.'

'What do you mean by "varieties," Mother?' asked Elsie.

'When you are old enough to study natural history,' replied her mother, 'you will learn that all animals are classed into "genera," and the genera into "species," and that each species has several "varieties." The genus to which the lion, tiger, lynx, leopard, and cat belong is "Felis;" but the only feline animal that is a native of Europe—with the exception of the lynx—is the wild cat, which is usually, though perhaps erroneously regarded as the source of our domestic cat.'

'And do you think, Mother, that the first parents of this dear silky little kitten were ever wild cats?' was Elsie's next question.

She had seen a wild cat in the Zoological Gardens, and had been a little frightened by the manner in which it had looked at her.

'I don't know, my dear; learned men differ on that subject, therefore it would be absurd of me to give an opinion. The ancient Egyptians were very fond of cats, and it is supposed by some scientific men that our domestic cat was originally brought from Egypt; but though I cannot tell you whence it came, I can describe some of the best-known varieties of cats.'

'Do, please; what are they?'

'First of all there is the Tabby, like Tiger, who became so fierce I was obliged to send him away.'

'And then, Mother?'

'Then there is the Tortoiseshell, or Spanish; then the Chartreuse of a blue-grey color—I remember we had one when I was a little girl, and we called it a French cat; and then comes the Angora, with long silky hair, described as a favorite drawing-room pet and the gentlest of all the varieties. Among less known breeds are the Chinese, with pendulous ears, the red-colored breed of Tobolsk, and the twisted tails of Madagascar.'

'How very funny!' said Elsie. 'But I am sure Kitty wants some milk, Mother,' and off she ran to feed her new pet.

During the next few months Kitty danced about the house in the most frolicsome manner, but she grew bigger and bigger until she ceased to be a kitten altogether,

and became a full-grown, beautiful cat, with long silky hair and a great bushy tail; too fond of Elsie to think of scratching her, and perhaps too well fed and too well taught to take any very great interest in Mary's canary.—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

Each Has a Work to do.

Each little star has its special ray,
Each little beam has its place in the day,
Each little river drop impulse and sway;
Feather and flower and songlet help, too.
Each little child can some love work find,
Each little hand and each little mind;
All can be gentle, useful, and kind,
Though they are little, like me and like you.
—Susan Coolidge.

What It Means.

A little girl was poring over her lesson leaf with a puzzled face. 'What does this mean, father?' she asked at last—'"Give Me thine heart."'

After a brief silence Mr. Gordon said: 'I will try and explain these words to you very soon, dear, meanwhile you have a purse, I think, have you not? Will you give it to me?'

Unhesitatingly the child produced a purse which contained just twopence halfpenny, a great treasure in her estimation.

A day or two after this incident Mr. Gordon called Margaret to him, and said, 'My dear, did you not give me your purse the other day?'

'Yes, father.'

'And why did you think I wanted it?'

'I think, perhaps,' said the little girl, smiling, 'that you meant to put something into it.'

'That is just what I have done,' said her father, laying his hand on her curly head. 'And does my little girl see that when God asks us to give our hearts into His keeping it is because He wants to put something into them? We are empty and poor, having nothing good of our own. Christ wants to make us happy, and holy, too, and He only can make us rich in goodness and in love and in all that is most precious and beautiful. We may always trust Him when He asks us to give up anything for Him; it is only that He may restore it to us enriched a thousandfold.'—'Young Soldier.'

The Gingham Nest.

'Mamma,' said Edie, coming in from school, 'our teacher wants each of us to bring her a piece of one of our school dresses to put into a quilt. Can't I give her a piece of this new gingham dress?'

'Yes, certainly,' said mamma; 'and I know of another place where some of your dress might be welcome. Some very little bits.'

'Where?'

'Mrs. Robin Redbreast is building a nest in the pine tree; and, if you take this handful of clippings and scatter them about under the tree, she may be glad to weave them in.'

Edie did so, and Mrs. Robin made good use of them. After the nest was done, Edie could look up and see the bits of red and blue, and she called it a 'gingham nest.'—Selected.

What the Bible Does.

'I don't see the use of reading the Bible,' said George, with a scowl; 'I like a reg'lar Indian story, with lots of fighting.'

'And I'd rather hear fairy stories,' said Kate.

Mamma was away for a whole month, and she had got George to promise that every night before going to bed he would read a few verses to Kate from the little Testament.

'All the same, the Bible is the best book,' said a voice from the other room.

'O, did you hear, papa?' cried George, turning red.

'To-morrow I'll explain to you why,' said papa, coming in for a good-night kiss.

The next day papa got out the globe from the schoolroom closet, where it had been put the day vacation began. Papa had some black chalk, and with it he marked parts of the countries.

'What makes you do that?' asked Kate.

'These are the lands where there are no Bibles,' said papa; 'and the reason I mark them black is because the people's lives are dark and unhappy. Why, over here in China little girls used to cry because their feet were bound tightly to make them small; and in India it is sadness to be born a girl, for the women are treated so badly; and in many of these countries any one's life is hardly safe.'

'What does the Bible do?' asked George.

'It teaches people how to live good lives,' said papa; and he drew white marks through the black, to show where the Bible had been carried and the good it had done.

'Indian and fairy stories are all very well,' he said, 'but that is the best book.'—'The Little Pilgrim.'

The First Wrong Button.

'Dear me,' said little Janet, 'I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong;' and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button were at fault for her trouble.

'Patience, patience, my dear,' said mamma. 'The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And,' added mamma, 'look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow.'

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck Baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because the first one was wrong.—'The Picture World.'

For Tired Little Folks.

'Auntie, please tell me something nice to do. I'm tired of Sabbath. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lamp, and the wrong time for everything.'

'Well, let me see,' said auntie. 'Can you tell me of any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?'

'Yes; Adam.'

'I'll tell you a B,' said auntie; 'Benjamin. Now a C.'

'Cain.'

'Right,' said Aunt Sarah.

'Let me tell D,' said Joe, hearing our talk; 'Daniel.'

And so we went through all the letters of the alphabet, and before we thought of it we were called for supper, the house was lighted, and we had a fine time. Try it.—'Lessons for the Little Ones.'

Correspondence

E.C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School. I am eleven years old, and my birthday comes on the 21st of May. I think the answer to Chas. V. Curtis's riddles are:—

1. The multiplication table.
2. Two sides, inside and outside..

I am going to send some riddles:—

1. Why was Paul like a horse?
2. Why does the sun rise in the east?
3. Why was Joseph the straightest man in the Bible?
4. What is the difference between a pair of pants and a pie?
5. What season is the most dangerous?

ERNEST O. JOHNSTON.

B.I., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I wrote once before to the 'Messenger,' but we were living in Harbor Buffet then. Now we are removed to B. I. I have two sisters married, and one gone to the United States, and there are only my brother and I at home now. I live on a beach very near the salt water. The beach is half a mile long. Large our ships pass by every day, as there is an iron mine on this island. I wish all a very happy winter.

EDITH E. DICKS.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have got a little kitten, and a pup and a dog. The pup's name is Bobs, and the dog's name is Sport. My father is the Presbyterian Minister here. He preaches here every Sunday afternoon, and in the evening he preaches at C., and every Sunday night at F. I have a sister and a brother. My sister is in the junior part second class, and I am in the junior fourth class.

HARTLEY CURRIE (aged 11.)

T., Que.

Dear Editor,—My father owns a large farm, and I help sometimes when I am at home, for I go to school. I go to church and Sunday School. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School. I have two sisters, one older and one younger than myself. Their names are Della and Olive. I am ten years old.

MELVILLE T. HODGE.

K., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a nice Sunday school, where we get 25 copies of the 'Messenger.' I like the 'Messenger' very much. I will answer Dora McCouley's question — they would both weigh the same.

I am going to tell you a true story about my pet hen. She was always a favorite hen. My father named her 'Glass-eye,' because she had such peculiar eyes. She follows me about the yard until I open the stable door. And in she walks and lays an egg. Last year she laid in the carriage-shed, and I had to open the door for her. She hatched me out a nice flock of chickens.

SUSIE E. SCOBIE.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and brothers. My father is dead; he died three years ago. We all miss him very much.

I think I can read Margaret Shipley's puzzle: Too wise you are, too wise you be, I see you are too wise for me.

I like reading very much. We have a good Sunday School library, and I have read a number of the books.

FLORENCE A. NORTHRUP.

(The puzzle you sent in has already been asked, Florence.—Ed.)

S. R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We live near the station, and the railway is only a few steps from us. I am ten years old, and am in the sixth grade. I have two sisters, and no brothers. I think I can answer Lillian E. Taylor's riddle, it is an egg. I will close with some riddles:

1. What goes up hill, down hill, and yet stands still?
2. Forty white horses stood on a red hill, now they dance, now they prance, now they stand still?
3. What makes a wise head?
4. What sees far?

GRETA HARLOW.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' four years, and would not be without it now. I take an interest in reading it, but cannot answer very many of the riddles.

I have two sisters and three brothers, all younger than myself.

My father owns two hundred and eighty acres of land, and has eight horses and colts, and a lot of cattle.

HAROLD HALL.

P. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—The railway goes out back of our house, and we can see the train when it goes by. I go to school every day that I can, and I am in the seventh grade. I will be twelve years old the 23rd of January. There is a lake back of our house, and in the winter we go skating on it. I have four sisters, whose names are, Flora, Grace, Vera and Evelyn, but no brothers. I think the answer to Charlie V. Curtis's riddle is a multiplication table. I will give a riddle, 'As I stood under my grandmother's window I let something fall. I tried to catch it, but I could not.'

SAMUEL M. McLEAN.

C. H., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We have taken the paper for over three years, and would find it hard to get along without it, as we all like it very much.

As soon as it comes, my brothers always look for the Correspondence page. I go to school every day, and am in the fifth reader. My teacher's name is Mrs. C. We all like her very much. She has taught in this school four years.

C. H. is a pretty place. There are a store, a church, schoolhouse, and two cheese factories here. I go to Sunday school every Sunday, and am a member of the United Baptist Church.

I thank you very much for the Maple Leaf pin you sent me. I think it is lovely, and every reader of the 'Messenger' should own one.

I think the answer to Lillian E. Taylor's riddle is an egg, and to Katie Mackenzie's is a pear.

I think my letter is getting too long, so I will close with a riddle: What cord is that which is so full of knots that you can't untie one or tie another?

BESSIE M. CLARKE.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Maple Leaf is Fairer than them all.' Florence Currie, L., Ont.

2. 'Wolf's Cove.' E. L. M. (aged 15), R., Ont.

3. 'Bessie.' Grace Morrison (aged 10), D., Man.

4. 'Ivy Leaf.' Robert A. Hendrie (aged 9), R., Scotland.

5. 'Hen.' N. L. Redding (aged 13), M., Que.

6. 'In the Heat of Action.' Malcolm D. McDonald, N. S., N. S.

7. 'A Stiff Breeze.' Britt Mitchell (aged 10), A., N.S.

OTHER LETTERS.

Meada Price, P.C., Ont., sends in three riddles, but does not give the answers. We have had to make it a rule not to publish riddles unless the Editor knows the answers. The drawing you sent in is very good, Meada.

Ethel M. Chisholme, S., N.S., sends in a riddle, which has been asked, however. You say you failed in your examinations in July, Ethel. We wish you success next time.

Mary H. Booth, F., P. Que., writes a very neat letter, but the riddle you ask, Mary, has been already given.

Flossie D., M., Que., is another regular reader of this page. She sends in the solution of 'The Fox the goose and the Oats' riddle. She says, 'The man took the goose across, and left the fox and the oats. Next he took the fox across, and brought back the goose. Leaving the goose, he took the oats, and came back again to fetch the goose.' They were a troublesome company to manage, but that's the way to do it.

Catherine McL., G., Que., also answers this riddle, and sends in one that has been already asked.

Edna McLeod, G., Que., answers two riddles already answered, and says the answer to the question 'What has a nose and cannot smell?' is a tea kettle. She asks who knows why Adam bit the apple Eve offered him.

Mary Alberta Keetch, B. F., Ont., answers two riddles correctly, and sends in one that has been asked before.

Grace Harper, H., Ont., answers the riddle from the 'Ram's Horn,' and says she has a pair of ring doves for pets.

Two little sisters, Dorothea and Ethel, Evison, write from D., Ont., and Dorothea wonders how many boys and girls know the number of books, chapters, verses, and words there are in the Bible.

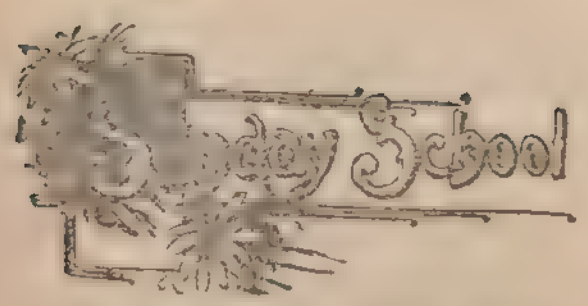
Percy Hart, C., Ont., has just had a birthday. He is eight years old now.

Bessie J. Nichol, N., Ont., answers three riddles. All those you ask, Bessie, have been given before, except one for which you do not give the answer.

Little letters were also received from Annie Jessie May Johnson, H., Ont., and from Maggie Gingles, G. B., Ont.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.



LESSON X.—DECEMBER 9, 1906.

Jesus on the Cross.

Luke xxiii., 33-46.

Golden Text.

Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.—Luke xxiii., 34.

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 3.—Luke xxiii., 33-46.
Tuesday, Dec. 4.—Luke xxiii., 47-56.
Wednesday, Dec. 5.—Matt. xxvii., 31-44.
Thursday, Dec. 6.—Matt. xxvii., 45-56.
Friday, Dec. 7.—Matt. xxvii., 57-66.
Saturday, Dec. 8.—Mark xv., 24-36.
Sunday, Dec. 9.—Mark x., 37-47.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

An unfinished life that sways the world.
—James Russell Lowell: Cathedral.

The quadruple description of the crucifixion is a literary marvel. Though a circumstance of transcendent importance, the narrative of it is surprisingly condensed. There is no spinning out of details, no obtrusion of the personal opinions and sentiments of the narrators.

Here is a suggestion of how we ourselves should approach Calvary. It is not a theme for volubility. There should be no striving to magnify its painful horrors, or to compare the physical sufferings of its victim with those of others. A partial interpretation is the thing desirable. A personal appropriation by faith is great needs.

Religious romancists have paved all the way between the Praetorium and Calvary with miraculous incidents. In strong antithesis to this, the evangelist mentions but two circumstances. At sight of one on whose brow innocence and benignity was stamped led to a shocking death, the daughters of Jerusalem wept aloud in pity. Jesus turned, and, as if with the impending siege in plainest view, bade them not to weep for Him, but for themselves and for their children. In those awful days, barrenness, the disgrace of the Hebrew woman, would be at a premium. For if such a cruel deed as was now being done was possible, the tree of their national life being yet green, what horrors would characterize the extinction of that life! The fainting strength of Jesus makes the impressing of some one to bear His cross necessary. A foreign Jew, recognized as such by his Libyan garb, is compelled to do so. A charged heart was probably his exceeding great reward. So goes that most pitiful procession earth has ever seen. The centurion, mounted, and in the van, a guard in shining armor, and numerous enough to make resistance of the victims impossible; the executioners, with their cruel mockery in the letters on boards decked with gypsum, and hung about their necks or the rear slave carrying refreshments for the soldiers, besides nails, hammers, ropes, etc., necessary for the execution; and back of all such a motley, as every crowd as a public execution would draw in our day.

Following the narrative, we first have the murdering of Jesus with transgressors. He was crucified between the murderers, the insurgent robber and murderer. He who could challenge the world to impeach His sinlessness, was made sin. He was put to the extremity of a convicted felon.

With the first shedding of His blood I pray His maternal prayer 'Father, forgive them.' The 'victoriousness of love' finds a palliating circumstance in their ignorance: 'They know not what they do.' The prayer sweeps out to include, not the coarse executioners alone, but the cunning conspirators who use them as their tools.

It is enough to brand with infamy that destroying vice of gambling, that it obtruded itself at the crucifixion. The soldiers threw dice to determine which should have the most valuable garment of the sufferer. They 'chanced off' the seamless robe.

'He saved others.' Unconscious, undesigned encomium! 'Let Him save Himself.' Last recurrence of the wilderness temptation! That which is a literal possibility is a moral impossibility. Except He stay on the cross He can not be a Savior. If He remains not, He can not utter that ineffable cry, 'It is finished!'—'the work the Father gave me to do.' Keener than mortal pangs are the brutal gibes of rulers, populace, and soldiery.

That triple inscription may signify that the story of the cross is destined to go into all languages, as it there appeared in the tongues of conquest, culture, and colloquy.

The sovereign power of redeeming love has a splendid exemplification even in the deepening gloom of Calvary. As the hours wear away, the innocence, the Divinity of his fellow-sufferer dawns upon the mind of the malefactor. It pains him to hear the continued railing of his comrade in crime. He chides him, reminding him of the justness of their condemnation, and affirming the guiltlessenness of Jesus. To the eye of faiththere opens to him a blissful vista beyond the chasm of death. He recognizes the sufferer, spite of His marred visage, as monarch of that realm. In the strength of a belief that prompts to action, he joins his fortunes irrevocably with those of the crucified Nazarene, and entreats recognition when He comes to the regal splendors of His coronation.

What Jesus did then, He has been doing ever since. He opened paradise to a penitent. But His obedience unto death, even the death of the cross, was the key, and the only one, to unlock that paradise.

Nature, as if become sentient on account of the incomparable tragedy now enacting, drapes herself in a veil of impenetrable blackness.

In that darkness, the seventh word from the cross is heard. The Son, having drunk to its dregs, the cup the Father had given Him, now, in the very hour and article of death, confidently commends His soul to that Father.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

1. Two incidents on the way to crucifixion.
   (1) Jesus' words to the women.
   (2) The impressing of Simon of Cyrene.
2. Arrival at Golgotha.
   The nailing to the cross; anesthetics refused.
3. Cross erected; first word from the cross, 'Forgive.'
4. Sanhedrists offended at inscription on the cross.
   Change refused.
5. Ridicule and reviling.
6. Conversion of crucified thief. Second word addressed to him.
7. Gambling at the foot of the cross.
8. Filial piety prompts the 'third word,' in which Jesus commends His mother to John.
9. 'Fourth word,' inexplicable cry of the sufferer, 'Why am I forsaken.'
10. 'Fifth word,' 'I thirst.'
11. 'Sixth word,' 'It is finished.'
12. 'Seventh word,' the committal; Soul given to God.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Pilate's ironical inscription has a germ of truth in it. Jesus is king. His dominion is wider than the most ambitious Caesar ever dreamed of.

* * * *

What was a taunt to Jews was a tribute to Jesus. Pilate would fain acknowledge Him a kingly spirit, of whom the Jews were not worthy. To this coerced eulogy of the procurator the dying thief added his 'Thy kingdom.'

* * * *

The cross is always derisive. It once separated a believer from an unbeliever. It does so yet wherever it is preached. People range themselves in two classes. The cross is the divisor.

* * * *

A study of Calvary reveals the intensive forcefulness of the expression, 'Crucify the Son of God afresh.' Indifference, unbelief, and apostasy are doing this daily.

* * * *

It is inconceivable that the spirit of Jesus, just mingled with common air, was dissipated and lost, as to its identity, when He breathed it forth. He commended it as an inconceivably precious thing to the care of a personal God, the Father of Spirits.

* * * *

The Lord of Life helped the dying penitent at His side to stand the shock of dissolution by the assurance of a perpetuation of conscious life beyond, and an immediate entrance to paradise.

* * * *

When Jesus entered paradise it was in company with an executed criminal. This trophy of His redeeming love, this evidence of the power of His cross, He presented to all the intelligences of the sky.

* * * *

It is a common error that the man who was impressed to bear the cross was a negro. The presence of a Jew from Africa can be easily accounted for. Ptolemaeus Lagi forcibly colonized Cyrene, North Africa, with a great number of Jews, who built for themselves a synagogue in Jerusalem to which they might resort at feast-times.

* * * *

The thoughts of Jesus, even in His mortal agony, were upon others, as His three first 'words from the cross' indicate, 'Father, forgive them;' and to the penitent thief, 'This day;' and to His mother, 'Woman, behold thy Son.'

* * * *

Gambling is that one horrid vice that could intrude upon even the crucifixion scene. The rattle of the dice-box was heard at the foot of the cross. It is the dehumanizing vice. At Monte Carlo, to-day, the suicide's revolver often rings at the table. Liveried servants throw a sheet over the corpse and carry it out, and the game goes on!

* * * *

Crucifixion was abolished by Constantine, out of sacred regard for the cross as the instrument of the Savior's passion. Thus for fifteen centuries the world has been rid of this cruelest mode of capital punishment. And the spread of the humanizing Gospel has reduced to the minimum the pain and indignities of those who must suffer the extreme penalty.

* * * *

The twenty-second Psalm, written, as Hengstenberg affirms, in the greatest heat of David's conflict with Saul, is also strikingly minute in its portrayal of the last agony of Jesus. The agonized cry, the derision, the pierced hands and feet, the parting of the garments, and many other circumstances, are here. They are directly quoted, or at least alluded to, in the New Testament.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 9.—Christ's life. XII. Lessons from the 'seven words from the cross.' John xix., 25-30; Luke xxiii., 34-46; Mark xv., 34.

Junior C. E. Topic.

PRAYING. WORKING. WATCHING.

Monday, Dec. 3.—Building the wall. Neh. iv., 1-6.

Tuesday, Dec. 4.—Hindrances. Neh. iv., 7-12.

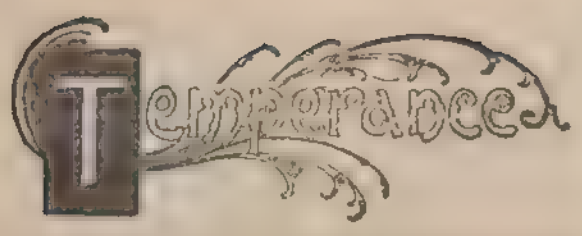
Wednesday, Dec. 5.—Working and watching. Neh. iv., 13-23.

Thursday, Dec. 6.—Working and praying. Neh. vi., 5-9.

Friday, Dec. 7.—The work finished. Neh. vi., 15, 16.

Saturday, Dec. 8.—A faithful ruler. Neh. vii., 1-3.

Sunday, Dec. 9.—Topic, Praying, working, watching. Neh. iv., 7-9.



The Liquor Bar.

A Bar to heaven, a Door to hell—
Whoever named it, named it well.

A Bar to manliness and wealth,
A Door to want and broken health.

A Bar to honor, pride and fame,
A Door to sorrow, sin and shame.

A Bar to hope, a Bar to prayer,
A Door to darkness and despair.

A Bar to honored, useful life.
A Door to brawling, senseless strife,

A Bar to all that's true and brave,
A Door to every drunkard's grave.

A Bar to joys that home imparts,
A Door to tears and broken hearts.

A Bar to heaven, a Door to hell—
Whoever named it, named it well.

Alcohol on its Trial—

'Found Guilty.' By Sir Victor Horsley.

I believe that everybody is now aware that alcohol economically, hygienically, and medically cannot be called an advantage to the community; but it is definitely an evil.

I must say that for a long time I thought that to promote temperance it was not necessary that we ourselves should be total abstainers. But after all varieties of work in hospitals and private practice and in social life, I have found that being a total abstainer has been of great advantage to me in endeavoring to promote temperance. Therefore I suggest that those who are not total abstainers and yet wish to forward the cause of temperance, will do so with great profit and greater success if they become total abstainers. The reason is this, that if we wish to promote temperance we find at once that we have to contend against custom, and the custom of taking alcohol we must look at from two points of view—taking it for social purposes, and taking it for medical purposes.

Again and again one is told by one's friend that scientific people say that alcohol is a food. I am very glad to have this opportunity again of just touching upon this point for a moment, because the whole difficulty has arisen from our using scientific and popular expressions as meaning the same thing, and they do not. If you use the term food in the ordinary sense of the word, you mean you have taken something into the body which the body can oxydise, can burn up and use for its own purpose, and from which the body derives an advantage in accelerated nervous work, and in the greater warmth of the body.

As a matter of fact, scientific observation proves that alcohol does not do these things; and yet it is perfectly true for anyone to say, using the expression 'food' in a scientific sense, that alcohol is a food because it is certainly to a considerable extent oxydized in the body, which has been the kind of definition used by scientists to describe food—something that is used up in the body—but that is quite a different thing from saying that it is used up in the body for profit. Well, alcohol is not used up in the body in that way, which is what we understand popularly by the term food. So alcohol is not a food in the popular, or, one might say, the proper sense of the word.

It has been said that if you get rid of a stimulating substance like alcohol you actually diminish the cheerful feeling of the nation. That is like saying that total abstainers habitually suffer from melancholia. That is obviously a converse proposition. Well, I have a large acquaintance among total abstainers, and, as far as I have seen, they are more cheerful individually than the persons who take alcohol. But I also wish to insist upon this point, that the so-called gaiety resulting from alcohol is a deception. When people are under the influence of small doses of alcohol they do appear to be talking more cheerfully; the fact is, they are more emotional. And the question is, can that be called an advantage to the nation? I contend, at any rate, that such gaiety is not real cheerfulness; and it is only another instance of the well-known deceptive effects of that very remarkable substance.

Now I come to the medical side of the question, because, undoubtedly, you can promote temperance by discussing with your friends its use, first, as a household remedy, and, secondly, as a drug. I suppose every household, except the households of abstainers, who know better, has somewhere stored away a bottle of brandy for emergencies.

People take alcohol as a household remedy chiefly for fainting. If anyone faints it is immediately assumed that they must have some brandy, and, undoubtedly, out of that unfortunate practice the habit of intemperance in many cases has subsequently arisen.

That is well known to you. But if you want to get people to give up the habit of pouring brandy down the unfortunate victim's throat, what can you propose instead? Something must be done, in some cases, to stop the syncope. Syncope is not necessarily a dangerous condition, but it may be— you never know.

Well, then, there are two things you ought to do. The first thing is to afford immediate relief, and then to provide against a relapse, because people go from one faint to another. If people faint, they faint for two reasons. They faint either because their nervous system has given out, or they faint because their heart has given out, not altogether because that would be death, but it has gone below the pitch whereby there is afforded sufficient circulation in the brain to keep up consciousness. So, too, if it has arisen from a nervous affection, it shows the brain has not been irrigated with sufficient blood.

Now, to give alcohol to a person with nervous fainting is to lead to the cultivation of the alcohol habit. All you have to do with such a person fainting, as they would say from weakness—from a mere nervous affection—is to place them in a comfortable position and give them something hot to drink; and hot water is quite enough. It is not necessary to give even ammonia; hot water is quite sufficient. You want reflexly to stimulate the nervous system, and you do it with hot water. The same thing applies to the heart. If a person is fainting from trouble of the heart, which shows the heart muscle is weak, this is a more serious condition; but you will find hot water revives the patient, and, meanwhile, you can be having food prepared.

The next thing to do is to feed the muscles of the heart, and hot milk is, perhaps, the quickest way really of feeding muscle. If you could inject hot milk into the circulation it might be injurious to the blood, but it would stir up the heart. But as that is impossible, we give it to the patient to drink as soon as they have been stimulated to the point of swallowing, which is very simple. Now, why is alcohol bad for this condition, for we know it has been customary to give it? That, of course, is a fair question; it undoubtedly acted as a reflex stimulant. The mere taking of strong brandy into the pharynx stimulates the nerves, which reflexly excite the heart. But it is bad, even in small quantities, it weakens the heart muscles; in fact, it does the thing you do not want.

But not only that. A good many people faint because the whole circulatory system has not enough blood in it, and the heart cannot contract with advantage—with mechanical advantage—because the cavities are of the heart, and the unfortunate heart has less blood than ever. So alcohol is not the best thing we have to handle. The best thing we have to handle is the hot water in the kitchen boiler.

When I was a student every patient that went into the operating theatre for a serious operation was given beforehand two, three, or four ounces of brandy. Curiously enough, this was a relic of the past, of the time, because the records exist, when, before the fortunate discovery of anaesthetics, the poor patient was made half drunk with alcohol. Then, because chloroform was to be given, it became unnecessary to give so much brandy. Still, people thought brandy was very useful to prevent shock, and so they gave brandy. But if you were to propose to an operating surgeon nowadays that you should poison the patient beforehand with a dose of brandy he would stare at you, and he would point out to you immediately that, physiologically, it was a poor thing to do. I, personally, do not order alcohol for a patient; I do not find it necessary.

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The Watch has a beautiful nickel case, is highly polished, and is guaranteed a reliable timekeeper. Will not wind down for years.

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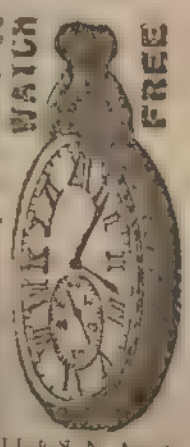

Drunkenness a Form of Insanity.

Physicians often have claimed that intemperance is a subject more germane to their profession than to that of the minister and the reformer. Better results may be expected when each understands more clearly the other's point of view. A suggestive paper on this topic was read recently before the British Medical Association at Toronto by Dr. T. M. Crothers, superintendent of a hospital in Hartford, Ct. He argued that inebriety is a disease of the brain and nervous system, that often it is beyond the control of its victims, and that the theory that the excessive drinking of alcohol liquors is a moral condition is untrue. In the case of the periodic drinker, who drinks excessively for a short period and then abstains, it is an acute mania, or insane impulse, resembling epilepsy in its sudden, convulsive attack. It develops in another form of insanity in the constant, so-called moderate drinker, who is the most degenerate and defective of all inebriates. Atmospheric conditions often bring on the insanity which craves alcoholic stimulants. Some persons drink only at the seashore, others only on high elevations, and others only in certain climates and seasons. Dr. Crothers believes that the treatment of inebriates belongs to physicians, and that confusion concerning it will continue till medical men teach the public the facts concerning the disease and rational methods of treatment. They must study it and lift it out of the field of credulity and quackery. The results of study of those who, like Dr. Crothers, have had many years of experience in treating drunkards, deserve the thoughtful consideration of temperance reformers. The time is not so far distant when all insane persons were held morally responsible for their condition and their punishment as criminals as the only remedy.—'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

God Keep You.

God keep you thro' the silent night and guard
Your pillow from all perils, dear.
From dark to dawn I pray his love to ward
And watch you, hovering ever near.

God keep you thro' the busy day, dear heart,
And guide your feet thro' every chance,
From dawn to dark may not his love depart
Or lose its tender vigilance.

Nay, nay; there is no hour when I shall cease
To supplicate his brooding care.
All days, all nights, thro' all eternities,
God keep you, every time and everywhere!
—'Leslie's Weekly.'

The Rights of a Mother.

(C. B. B., in the New York 'Observer.')

In these days when parents are considering as never before the child's rights in the home, driven to it by the moral pressure of the day, too often the mother in her fear of defrauding her child, becomes herself a loving slave to her family. The tastes of the children are consulted as to food, dress and amusements. The house is furnished as the daughter wishes, and meals are served at the convenience of the son. Unconsciously the mother yields her place as head of the house until she is practically a nonentity.

Yet this is the greatest wrong a mother can do to her children. Such a giving up makes them in the end monsters of selfishness, and if she goes still further and adopts what is practically an abject attitude toward them, she tempts them actually to bully her. To be sure the day comes when the grown up children say remorsefully, 'Poor mother! What a life we led her, and what a saint she was!' But the belated tribute is small comfort to the dead and does not repair the wrong done to the characters of the children.

If a mother would keep the respect due her there are certain things to which she must claim her right, and hold to them even when she is willing and anxious to give them up. Perhaps the first of these is her right to rest. The tired mother is never at her best; it is impossible to be fresh and smiling and cheerful when one is ready to drop with fatigue, and yet small children who do not sleep well at night, and are restless and fretful by day, and older children who must have clothes made and meals cooked for them demand more than flesh and blood can well give.

How can a mother secure rest? For one thing, she can simplify her work as far as possible. Her table may be just as wholesome without being so elaborate; she can make a study of simple meals. She can also make the children's clothes far less work, buying more which are ready made, and putting fewer stitches where she must make them at home. Besides these things, she can study how to have her children helping her, in spite of school. Instead of saying, 'Poor things,' they have to study so hard, and they will be young but once,' and saving them everything, she can train them to give her an hour's work a day—half before school, perhaps, to the infinite saving of her steps, and the improvement of their own lives. They can learn to care for their own rooms, the boys as well as the girls; they can pick up their clothing, their toys and books; they can sweep up the mud they bring in; they can wash the dishes and set the table; and the girls, at least, can do their own mending. They will love their mother the more for helping her, and the less for doing for them what they well know they should do for themselves. All this will give the tired mother a chance to lie down and, better than this, a chance to get out of doors and away from her family for an hour or so; she will come back fresh and rested and good natured, to be a better mother to better children.

Another right a mother too often gives up to her family is that of her individual tastes. Before she married, probably she played the piano, but after years of lack of practice she cannot play at all. Possibly she used to write stories, but now she has no time. Certainly she loved to read, but where can she get a quiet hour with a house full of children? But which is the mother growing children most admire, the one who sits silent while talk goes on about current events or new articles in the magazines, or the one who is abreast of the thought of the day? Are not one's children delighted to hear mother play, to see her name attached to some story in print? They are proud of her if she is mentally fresh and young. And so it does not pay to give up everything of the sort merely for lack of time. One should take the time, guard sacredly the right to individuality if only because it is best for the children in the end.

One more right, too often forgotten in these busy days, is that of courtesy to the mother. To permit a boy to sit while she looks for a chair is a wrong done him. To allow a girl to speak disrespectfully is a greater wrong still. Doubtless one hates to 'keep at' one's children about these things, but it must be done, quietly, perpetually, until the right of the mother is recognized and yielded unconsciously. The idea that a parent should be a friend, a chum, even, of the children is all very well, but carelessness and ill-breeding are another thing.

A mother ought to faithfully study how to hold her own in her family, not with self assertion or arrogance, but with a quiet dignity. To yield all, to be a servant, in fact, if not in name, to one's children, is to do them the greatest possible harm. They will respect and love her if she keeps her place and expects consideration and assistance and courtesy from them, and they will unconsciously look down upon her if she gives up that which belongs to her by divine right.

The Convalescent.

How to entertain and amuse the small member of the household who is recovering from an illness, is a question which all mothers will at some time have to solve. When children are once on the road to recovery, the days seem very long when they are obliged to lie quietly in bed, especially when they hear other children romping and laughing out-of-doors. If the child is amused in a quiet way, he will have a more rapid recovery than when he is continually fretting to get up.

You will find that a child will be happy for a long time if he can make something. For instance, give him some light colored cardboard, a pencil and a pair of button-hole scissors, and he will be entertained for hours, drawing and cutting out from the cardboard chairs, tables, sofas and other pieces of furniture. Show him first of all how to draw the chair, the legs out flat on the paper, and when it is cut out, the back can be bent up, and the legs down to form a real miniature chair. A rocking chair can be made in the same way.

Other children will enjoy cutting out pictures and making a scrap book, or stringing colored beads, while paper dolls form an endless entertainment for the little girls. One of the painting books which are brought out to such an extent, and which can be bought for a mere trifle will be a pleasant change from some of the other occupations, and when the small person is weary of all the playthings, read him a few stories, and perhaps he will drop off to sleep.—'Pilgrim.'

Attractive Clubbing Offers.

'Northern Messenger' and 'Weekly Witness' for one year, worth $1.40 for $1.20; 'Northern Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness,' and 'World Wide,' worth $2.60, for $2.20.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' may be added to either of the above clubs for fifty cents extra.

Baby's Sleep.

Creeping so softly over the floor,
Now here by the window, now here by the door;
Herself pulling up by chair and by bed,
Getting many a bump on her dear little head;
Little sharp eyes, spying every stray pin,
Little mouth open to put them all in;
Laughing and crowing with frolicsome glee;
As merry a child as you'll anywhere see,
Our dear little wide-awake baby.

A little warm thing cuddled down in a heap,
Her soft cheeks aflush with the roses of sleep;
Little smiles hidden all safely away,
To be brought forth again at the dawn of the day;
Little feet resting, and little hands, too,
Which is more than by daylight they ever can do;
Tucked in with many a kiss and caress,
May angels watch o'er her, may God ever bless
Our dear little sound-asleep baby!
—'Humanity.'

True Education.

We are losing the true ideal of education, which is to 'educe,' to draw out mental powers latent and in need of development. The mistake made by many is that of getting knowledge and calling that education. Such go forth to their life's work poorly equipped for service. One sad result of this error is found in too early specialization; hence a lop-sided graduate. We believe in specialists, but specialists ought to be made out of educated men (and women). To-day young men and women of crude notions shape their curricula for themselves, and how they do blunder! Prof. Wm. H. Green, who for over a half century taught Hebrew at Princeton and who was possibly the ablest Hebraist in America, when a college lad at Lafayette wanted to be excused from the study of languages, as 'he had no adaptation to such pursuits.' His wise teacher talked him out of his notion, and to-day the world of letters thanks that venerable pedagogue. Wise teachers of long experience are the best ones to lay out a course adapted to develop a pupil's mind. When the pupil is educated thus, let him specialize at the university.

Grandmother's Roses.

'Belle Converse, you'll never do it!'

'Won't I? Just wait and see! Oh, I know all your objections beforehand. "I cannot afford it." "It's too extravagant." "A waste of money." But while the rest of you may get what you please, good sensible presents, and I'll not say you nay, my present to grandmother is to be roses—great, creamy beauties—which shall fill the room with fragrance and her heart with delight at the same time.'

'But, Belle, they are so expensive! and they will last so short a time; it does seem that a more substantial present— something that would be a great benefit to her all winter—would be far more sensible, and I am sure grandmother would say so if you asked her.'

'Now, Grace, I know that I have no money to waste, and all the sensible things you would say, but I shall not listen. For many years grandmother's birthdays have brought presents of plain, comfortable, clothing that she must have had, even if there was no birthday to be taken into account, and though it may be unwise, I have decided to give her just a sweet, lovely present, such as I might give to a dear teacher or friend whose necessities I did not need to consider. If she is vexed I shall be sorry, perhaps, that I did not buy stockings instead, but I am going to take the risk.'

In the home of her daughter, Grandmother Girwood sat quietly knitting at a dark-brown sock, thinking gratefully of the many blessings that were still hers, though her own home had gone into the hands of strangers, and she had for many years been at the fireside of another. She knew the girls, as she delighted to call them, would be in soon with some little gift for the day.

Presently they came, Belle, Kate, Grace, Molly and Dorothy, and laid their offerings in

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

her arms. They were useful, sensible gifts, made thrice welcome because she knew they were prompted by the love in their hearts, and tears filled her eyes, but they were tears of joy.

Half-timidly Belle handed her the long box from the florist, hardly knowing what reception it might receive; but their astonishment was great when Mrs. Girwood burst into tears.

'For me, Belle! for myself—the roses! Oh, my dear, I have longed for pretty things all my life, but there has never been enough of anything for luxuries. Belle, they are the first, the very first flowers I ever had bought for me. I——' and she struggled with her sobs. She kissed the soft, creamy petals, and then held them at arm's length and brought them slowly back, inhaling their perfume, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and the smiles chasing them swiftly away. 'May the roses of life garland your path, dear. Oh, I am so glad you thought of it!'

'These will fade, we will try to get you some more.'

'They will never fade from my heart.' Then, turning to the others, she said tenderly, 'Your gifts were lovely, my dears; they will make me comfortable in days to come, but those—those roses—they have made me so happy!'

And Grace, turning to Belle, with a tearful smile, said: 'You were keener of sight than we; something must have told you how true are the poet's words, "A rose to the living is better than sumptuous wreaths to the dead."' —'Northern Christian Advocate.'

Be Tender.

If I pierce the young leaf of the shoot of a plan with the finest needle, the prick forms a knot which grows with the leaf, becomes harder and harder, and prevents it from obtaining its perfectly complete form. Something similar takes place after wounds which touch the tender germ of the human soul and injure the heart-leaves of its being. Therefore you must keep holy the being of the child, protect it from every rough and rude impression, from every touch of the vulgar. A gesture, a look, a sound, is often sufficient to inflict such wounds. The child's soul is more tender than the finest or tenderest plant. It would have been far different with humanity if every individual in it had been protected in that tenderest age as befitted the human soul which holds within itself the divine spark.—F. Froebel.

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For the Busy Mother.

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GIRLS' GUIMPE.—NO. 1092.

Guimpe frocks for little girls are pretty, and one of their advantages is that a change of guimpe gives the frock a fresh appearance. A dainty guimpe can be made of fine lawn or batiste, or of heavier waisting for wear with the dress. The front and back are made with clusters of tucks and bands of embroidery or braid, or can be made plain as desired. The sleeves are in short or bishop style finished with bands of braid, or insertion and edging. The pattern is cut in (4) sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. For medium size it requires 1 7-8 yards of material, 36 inches wide, and two yards of insertion or braid to trim.

LADIES' SHORT KIMONO.—NO. 1,025.

A woman's wardrobe is incomplete without a kimono and this design is especially convenient. This pattern provides a flat facing, and the only seams are those at the shoulders and under the arm. The sleeves are gathered full on the shoulders and the lower edge in flowing style and finished with a facing. China silk, pongee, fancy flowered materials, and other washable goods will give excellent results, and with facing of contrasting material will make a pretty model. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch, bust measure. It requires 4 yards of material, 27 inches wide, or 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, with 1 7-8 yards of contrasting material for facing, for the medium size.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern will reach you in about a week from date of your order. Price 10 cents, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness Block,' Montreal.

Family Worship.

Family worship elevates and consecrates, and, in one word, Christianizes family life. Family worship has God's promise, and will draw down God's blessing. It is not only on honoring of God, and it is not only beneficial in what may be called its indirect effects upon the social life of a household, but it is itself an act of real communication with God, commanded by Him, and sure of His blessing. Wherever two or three are gathered in the name of Christ, there He is in the midst of them. That which is taken for granted with regard to private prayer is expressly promised and asserted of social prayer, as though it needed a stronger encouragement, or as though (might we not almost say it?) it were in itself a higher act of faith. To feel within the limits of one's own home that God's blessing dwells there, that He in whom, whether as Friend or Foe, we must live and move and have our being, is not an Enemy, but a Friend; that, whatever we have, His smile rests upon it; whatever we do, He precedes and follows it, He approves and He prospers it; that the life which is lived within the sacred precincts of home is a life crowned with His favor, and, therefore, sweet; therefore happy; this, indeed, is a comfort worth praying for, and this is that which family prayer daily invokes, and which, I fear we must add, without family prayer can scarcely be. The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.

'Messenger' Subscribers.

By quickly recognizing and taking advantage of good offers, one gets much pleasure.

Consult the date on your address label, and if it indicates that your subscription to the 'Messenger' is about due, read carefully our various clubbing offers elsewhere in this paper, and take advantage of them. The 'Weekly Witness,' or the 'Canadian Pictorial' are particularly suited to clubbing with the 'Messenger.' And if you club with one or other, or both of them, and do not like the publication, we will cheerfully refund for the unexpired term of the Subscription. But we are sure that you will greatly like them.

If your subscription to the 'Messenger' be not due for a long time, then consult the 'Canadian Pictorial' Coupon. You will never regret taking advantage of the bargain it offers.

Religious Notes.

CHURCH REFORM IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

The Rev. Thomas J. Pulvertaft, Secretary of the Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society, writes as follows of the situation in the Spanish Peninsula:

'Unfortunately the enemy to the Scriptural truth in Spain is no longer ultramontanism, but militant unbelief. Although 66 per cent. of Spaniards and 78 per cent. Portuguese can not read and write, the educated classes imbibe the teaching of the leaders of materialistic thought throughout Europe, and the publication in cheap forms of their works enables them to have easy access to all destructive attacks on religion.

'A strong movement in favor of religious liberty has come to a head in Spain, but as far as can be discerned the underlying motives are not a passion for the freedom demanded by love of truth but an acquiescence in a feeling that religion is a spent force, and advance in civilization requires the nation to accept liberty of worship as part of its constitution. The spread of the movement in favor of liberty has led to the cessation of persecution by the authorities against colporteurs, evangelists and church-workers, and this in itself is a gain; but the deadened sense of the importance of religion is the great obstacle to the reception of Scriptural teaching.

'In the Christian Training College, in Portugal, under the chage of Principal Harden; two of the students were ordained deacons last November, and are now at work in the south, where their labor has been already blessed by God.' In Setubal, where the senior of the students is in charge of a congregation, there is an earnest body of reformers, who have stood together for many years without a resident minister. In Lisbon the other deacon has already made himself felt, and a Portuguese gentleman has offered to build a church for him. It is hoped that in a few years' time there will be a real need for this church, but at present the two large churches meet the requirements of the reformers and the deacon is in charge of a country congregation near the capital, where he will be fitted by experience for more extended work in the future.'—'Missionary Review.'

At the beginning of the new year in India which occurs in the new moon of October, great throngs gather at certain sacred places. It is the custom of the priests to cook thousands of pounds of rice and pulse, and to throw it in a heap on the ground in the hope of appeasing the gods and gaining peace for the pilgrims' weary hearts. As soon as the rice, boiling hot, is poured upon the ground, the poor people gathered about snatch at it for food. In the terrible jostling and scrambling, characteristic of an Eastern crowd men are often thrown into the heap and burned to death.

The Philippine Islands have been one of the most fruitful mission fields of the church. There are eleven large islands, and hundreds of smaller ones, and the area is over 114,000 square miles. The population is nearly 8,000,000. There are about 100,000 Chinese. The Congregationalists, Moravians, Episcopalians, Baptist Methodists and Presbyterians are at work, most of them having joined 'The Evangelical church, with at least a common name. Not all, however, participate in this arrangement. There are now seventy-eight missionaries, and 9,073 Protestant church-members in the island.

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DOMINION —5-octave organ, by The Dominion Co., Bowmanville, in handsome walnut case, burl panels and resonant ends, has 8 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, couplers, 2 knee swells. Height, 6 feet 3 inches. Original cost, $125. Sale Price..... ..... **$42**

BELL — 5-octave walnut organ by W. Bell & Co., Guelph, decorated case, music rack and lamp stands; 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 knee swells, couplers, etc. Height, 6 feet 3 inches. Original price $125. Sale Price **$45**

DOMINION —An Exhibition organ, in a walnut case, by The Dominion Organ Co., Bowmanville. A specially handsome and well constructed organ. Is an Exhibition style; has very attractive top with shelves, mirror and music cabinet. Is equally fine in tone, having 12 stops, 3 sets of reeds in the treble, 2 in the bass in addition to sub-bass set; has folding pedal cover. Original Cost, $175. Sale Price..... ..... **$63**

SCRIBNER —6 octave organ, in rosewood finished case, by The Scribner Manufacturing Co., with Scribner qualifying tubes; has 11 stops, 3 sets of reeds in the treble, 2 in the bass, couplers, 2 knee swells etc. Original Cost, $160. Sale Price **$65**

DOHERTY —6-octave piano case organ, by The Doherty Organ Co., in walnut case, without top; has burl panels, swing music desk, 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 knee swells. Height, 4 feet 6 inches. Original Cost, $140. Sale Price **$69**

GODERICH —6-octave piano case organ, by The Goderich Organ Co., in handsome walnut case with plain panels and mirror full top; has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, couplers, 3 knee swells, etc.. Cannot be told from new. Original Cost, $140. Sale Price **$72**

DOHERTY —6 octave piano case organ, by the Doherty Organ Co., Clinton, in walnut case with mirror top; has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 knee swells, etc. Height, 5 feet 11 inches. Original Cost, $150. Sale Price **$74**

DOMINION —6 octave piano case organ, by The Dominion Organ Co., Bowmanville, in dark walnut case with carved panels and mirror top; has 11 stops; 2 sets of reeds throughout. 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, etc. Sale Price **$81**

KARN —6 octave piano case organ, by D. W. Karn & Co., in handsome walnut case with full length music desk, carved panels, mirror top, lamp stands; 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds, 3 couplers, vox humana, 2 knee swells. Sale Price **$83**

DOMINION —Very handsome 6-octave piano case organ, by The Dominion Co., walnut case, full length carved panels and music desk; 2 sets of reeds throughout; 11 stops, couplers, vox humana, 2 knee swells as well as folding mouseproof pedal cover. Cannot be told from new. Sale Price. **$88**

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